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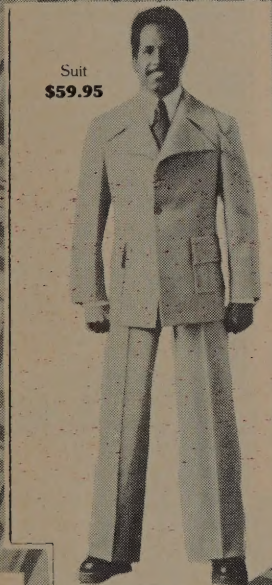
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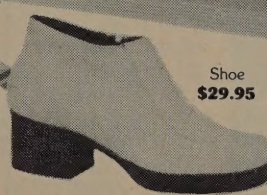
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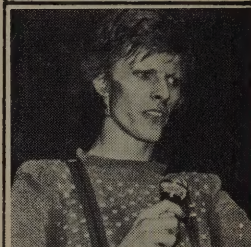
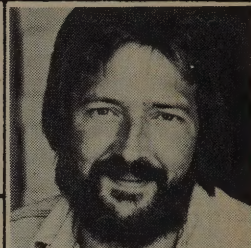
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WE READ YOUR MAIL



Zep Queries

Dear Editor,
Your article on Led Zeppelin in your June '74 issue was great, but I have one question. On the small pictures of Jimmy Page at the bottom of page 43, the first 3 pictures (left to right) have Jimmy playing guitar left-handed, but on the last picture, he's playing right. I know Jimmy Page is a great guitarist, the best in rock to me, but how can this be?

Zeppelin Fan
B. Riddle
Henderson, Tenn.

*Dear Zep Fan,
Ooops! Jimmy IS right-handed, we must have flopped the photo. Sorry.
(Ed.)*

Dear Editor,
I thought Larra Andress, who wrote you asking for Robert Plant and Jimmy Page's birthdates probably felt it was important for her to know. You replied that Robert's birthday is August 23rd. Well, PLEASE BELIEVE I'm not putting you down for being wrong, but I think his correct birthday is August 4th. You see, Robert is a great fan of Percy Bysshe Shelley (a poet) and he said that his birthday was on the same day. Well, Shelley was born on August 4th. You probably think it's very silly of me to write a letter just for this, but I'll bet Larra would really like to know. Besides, Robert seems to act much more like a Leo than a Virgo, don't you think?

Love,
Laurie Snow

*Dear Laurie,
Robert IS a Leo — You're right. We received incorrect info and his birthday is August 4th ... Thanks. (Ed.)*

Alice, Again

Dear Editor,
The article on Alice Cooper in the July '74 issue is wrong. Alice was not born in Phoenix, but rather in Detroit. At least that's what his fan club says.

Get It Right!

F.J.D.

*Dear F.J.D.,
Alice WAS born in Phoenix but he does consider himself "re-born" in Detroit because that's where he first had his first and biggest audience response. (Ed.)*

Dear Hit Parader,
On your July '74 issue, you have an article on Alice Cooper, and there is a picture of Alice standing with - Johnny Mathis. And Alice has a track suit on with a sign that represents Harley-Davidson. What I'd like to know is did he get it from Evil Knievel. Thank You.

Derek-Gartshore
Ontario, Canada

*Dear Derek,
No. Alice got it from Billie Jean King.
(Ed.)*

Yes

Dear Editor,
I'd appreciate it very much if you could tell me, where I as well as others, could write to the group - "Yes". The concert they had in March was just fantastic. If people could only realize how hard these guys work; they, as well as their work are just terrific!

Thank you.
Carol Lampman
Kenyon, Mn.

*Dear Carol,
You can write to Yes c/o Hit Parader, Charlton Publications, Derby, Connecticut 06418. (Ed.)*

Dear Editor,
I just wanted to say that I am happy that your magazine had enough sense to recognize what a great group Foghat really is, and to do a write up on them which I have yet to see in any other rock magazine ... Foghat is truly one of the most growing and fantastic groups of the 70's, which is underrated by many rock magazines. Rod Price is, in my opinion, one of the newest, fastest, and greatest lead guitarists and slide guitarists in our time. I hope you will write more on Foghat, for this young and powerful group will soon be on the top of the charts. I hope you will print this letter for Foghat's sake.

Sincerely,
Kevin Crator
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor,
Just read your article about the Grammy awards. Very well done. You caught a lot of the details that many gullible people I've discussed it with completely missed. Also enjoyed your interview with Peter Wolf although I know him and I know he was mainly playing with that reporter's head (really, walkie-talkies?!) Hope to see more of the J.Geils Band in your magazine.

Gina D'Maggio
Louisville, Ky.

*Dear Gina,
Thanks for your letter. The Wolf sends you his best and wants you to know that he, his dentures, and his hairpiece are all doing fine. (Ed.)* □

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**BRYAN
FERRY:
ROCK'S MATINEE IDOL**

In a field where elegance is often contrived, a newfound gimmick to add to the show, Bryan Ferry has emerged as a truly incredible, witty and elegant rock star. For the past two years he's been acting out his fantasies with the help of Roxy Music in England; in the States there was little interest in the band except for the so-called cult audience that was *aware*. Now, with the help of Atlantic Records, both Roxy's and Bryan's own solo albums have been released, a short tour was successfully carried out early this summer, and they'll be back in the fall to try and conquer the States on a grander scale.

Roxy Music is, as we have explained before, made up of six musicians: Bryan Ferry on lead vocals, Phil Manzanera on guitar, Eddie Jobson on electric violin and synthesizer, Andy MacKay on saxophone, Sal Maida on bass (that's for stage, John Gustafson is bassist on the lps), and Paul Thompson on drums. At least that was the lineup at presstime. It is likely that Roxy might have a few changes from time to time - original member Eno left the band last year when it seemed as though Roxy wasn't big enough to maintain both his and Bryan's egos - but the music Roxy makes is something special.

Most of it is created by Bryan Ferry; he is also the most visually compelling of the performers onstage. His eerie vibrato voice as well as his tall, dark and handsome good looks makes him a

natural for not only a rock superstar, but a film idol as well. In another age, Bryan would have been holding Lana Turner in his arms ... or at least carrying Vivien Leigh over some threshold in one of those tear-jerker, black and white cinema classics. Acutely aware of his image, Bryan couldn't be happier that he's had a solo success in England with his versions of other people's songs.

If he has to get *there* through the rock idiom, that's just fine with him. While he was in New York last time around - we chatted about fame and his future hopes, plans, dreams and ambitions. "Cinema has always been the most magical thing to me," he said thoughtfully. "It's because it is the most encompassing medium there is. You have music and people falling down stairs and it's also a much more realistic way of getting to people than touring is.

Although being on a stage is a magical thing too, of course ... But I know that I did the Cilla Black TV Show in England recently, and right after that the lp went back on the charts. Which must have meant that a whole new audience was buying it."

"I think that Roxy will probably go on - at least with me anyway, because I created it and have been responsible for 99% of the music. It is a separate entity from what I do on my solo albums though - because there I do my versions of other people's songs. And there are always so many songs to sing, although you'd be

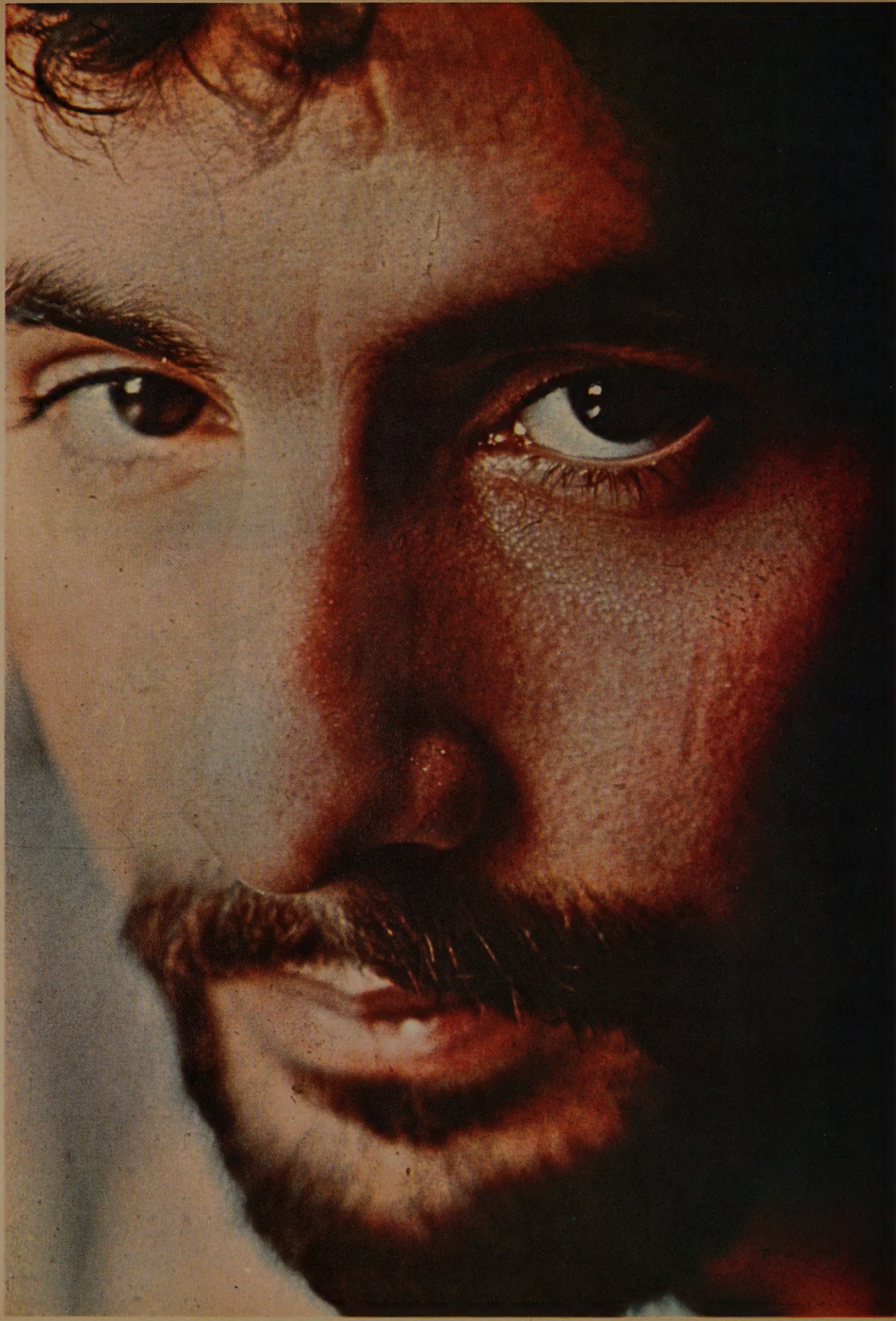
surprised at how many of them you really couldn't record - when it comes down to really listening to the lyrics carefully."

Bryan, on his own has had huge successes with both Dylan's "Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" and a fabulous rendition of "I'm In With The In Crowd". Other songs whose lyrics he's felt comfortable with are the Stones "Sympathy For The Devil", Smokey Robinson's "Tracks Of My Tears", The Ronettes "Don't Worry Baby", as well as "It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want To", "Piece Of My Heart", and - on his second solo lp - (not released in the States yet) - "Finger Poppin Time," "It Ain't Me Babe," and more. Bryan has a great sense of humor, but more than that - these songs really are interpreted well, and they all stand up as much more than any kind of a novelty record.

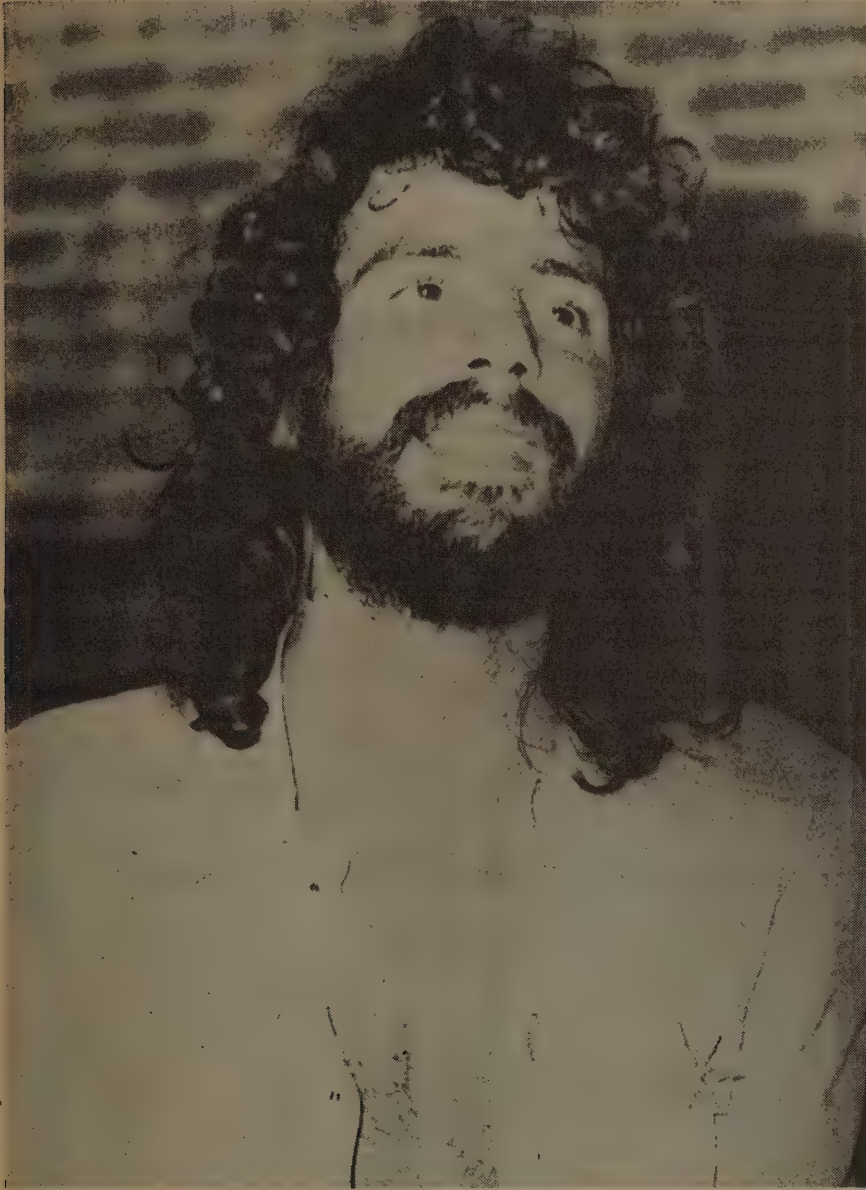
The music Roxy makes is something else. It's been called weird, and its strangeness lies only in that a variety of musical sounds are explored, topped always by Bryan's ominous voice, and the altering of all of the instruments by a synthesizer. Rather than employing the synthesizer as a sound gimmick, the instruments are all piped through it, and Eddie Jobson can alter the sound of any of them at will.

The results - as seen in the group's three albums so far, "Roxy Music", "For Your Pleasure", and "Stranded" (the last one released by Atlantic Records here, the previous two were on Warner Brothers (continued on page 62)





CAT STEVENS' BEAUTY SECRETS



Sidney Smith

By Joseph Rose

"Hold on for Cat Stevens," said the voice at the other end of the telephone line. "Sure, sure," I thought to myself. But the voice that came on next was unmistakable.

"I'm in a hurry and can't talk now," said Cat, "but please come over to the Sheraton tonight at 7. We're having a press conference because tonight's concert is being canceled. Thank you and goodbye."

"Thank YOU," I said, but I didn't even know if he was still on the line. Then I

spent the rest of the day deciding whether to go to the press conference. It would probably be packed with people yelling out silly questions and a total drag. But I finally yielded to curiosity and went over. And was I glad, because that night I discovered Cat Stevens' hidden beauty secrets.

It all happened because not many people found out about the press conference. Most of them were probably at the concert hall sadly reading the notices of the cancellation, which was due to Cat's having cut his finger on a pane of glass at the hotel swimming pool.

Cat waved around his left hand, show-

ing off the huge white bandage, and everyone in the small hotel room nodded. There were only two other reporters besides myself, along with one reporter's wife; Cat's guitarist, Alun Davies, Cat's road manager, a young doctor and some of the road crew.

After the champagne was passed around, Cat explained the medical details briefly, but then instead of dismissing the party, he opened the floor to any question. This was most unusual, because offstage, the cat has usually got Cat's tongue. He rarely talks to the press, and some nasties claim that he is so tight-lipped that he doesn't say more than two words a day to his closest friends. Well, that's not true for sure, because that night, he told the small group in the hotel room some very unusual and revealing things.

For instance, I asked about a smelly rumor concerning him. "I've heard that you once told someone that you never washed because —," I started.

"— it takes away your body oils," he finished for me. "Yeah, that's what my dad told me. He said that when you have a cold, the obvious thing is not to wash your body. And when I do wash, I don't use soap.

"I never use soap. And that's a Swedish idea (Cat is part Swedish and part Greek), believe it or not. They hardly ever use soap on their faces. That's why they've got that kind of complexion.

"I wash, but just in cold water. Apart from the hair, which actually does get so greasy I have to do it. By the way, I hardly catch any colds at all."

Not only does Cat thrive on cold showers, but he just loves being on the road on his own, with no direction known. "I've even given up my residency in England," he said. "I have nowhere that I'm intending to stay. And I personally like that feeling. I know it makes me terribly aware of things. Let's say, if you live an existence only in America and you never really get to Europe or to Japan — even South America, which is a wild place — then you've got to have a slightly restricted viewpoint. Because you're being fed your ideas of those places by the media. So I really like moving around. And you know, it helps musically to move, I think."

Cat could have been talking about his stage performance, too, because he does a

(continued on page 53)

MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO DERBY, DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND. Or THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE IN CONTEMPORARY ROCK CULTURE.

By Roy Hollingworth

PART ONE. "The War Years".

Once upon a time there was a wonderful place called Siddals Road, Derby, Derbyshire, England.

It consisted of scruffy tenement houses, slapped together side by side like old soldiers on parade. They had one downstairs room, two upstairs rooms, and a squalid little toilet that was situated in the backyard.

They were built to house workers who were paid about three English Pounds a week (eight dollars) to build steam locomotives, steam engines, and anything that could make Britain great.

Whenever there was a war these houses were always bombed. In the 1914-18 War they were bombed by Zeppelins. These were horrific cucumbers filled with gas; loaded with Germans; nasty bombs, and given names like "The Graf Brockwurst", or suchlike. Old people say they looked "very horrible".

During the next war - which was a similar one - Siddals Road was bombed not by Zeppelins, but by Heinkel bombers, accompanied by Fokke-Wolf fighters, with names like "Brockwurster", or suchlike.

Siddals Road: smokey and sooty, with kids playing soccer, barefoot in the street, was a road not unlike a thousand roads built alongside railway stations throughout Britain.

Architecturally they were the relics of "The Industrial Revolution" - which made Britain great, but later ruined it. Whenever a visitor from London, or Europe, or even America arrived by rail at Derby, their first glimpse of industrial Northern England was accompanied by a reaction not too far removed from a pretty Swiss maid arriving in the middle of The Bowery. Visitors dropped their suitcases, looked around, and said: "Oh dear! How horrible".

Why am I telling you this? What has this conceivably to do with rock and roll? Or rock culture? Or electric guitars? Or wah-wah pedals? Or "Twist and Shout"? Or "Strawberry Fields"? Well, hear this.

Siddals Road, Derby, was as im-



portant to the progress of music as were the Cottonfields of The Deep South. The Siddals' Roads of Britain were the roots of British Rock.

When the last war was finally over, and the Heinkels had successfully laid their eggs on Derby Station - 100 yards from Siddals Road - kids picked their way through the rubble; lived off ration cards; saw chocolate once a week, and never saw an orange. They didn't know what a banana was because the country was in such a bad state that bananas weren't allowed in. It was hard, and so were the kids.

But these kids weren't resentful. They were told that although they were living on bread and bacon-fat sandwiches, they had won The War. Pride enough for a young lad.

I arrived on this Earth in Derby, in April 1949, when things were little or no better than in 1945, when Britain was broke, and full of buildings with holes in their roofs, and the only meat you ever saw was "Spam", which came in a can.

"Spam" was also extremely important in the development of British rock. Robert Plant would not sing like he does if not for large platefulls of "Spam" as a child. John Lennon and Paul McCartney would not have written "Strawberry Fields" - a dirty area of Liverpool; a stone's throw from Derby. People in Strawberry Fields ate lots of "Spam", and I guess they still do.

"Spam" was eaten by kids throughout the industrial North in the form of "Spam" butties (sandwiches to you), "Spam" salads; "Spam" and eggs, and "Spam" and - well as Monty Python put it "Spam" and "Spam" with a side-dish of 'Spam'. But we were proud of "Spam" and proud of our mucky streets because they bore names as pretty as roses, or they were named after heros - Drake, Raleigh, Elizabeth, Frobenisher. Or things of beauty - Lavender Row, Woodbine Lane, Violet Street, Blackberry Way and Penny Lane.

Now in 1955, when a rage called rock and roll was happening here in America, nobody of my age could care a tinker's cuss about it. It meant nothing to us. We had our own rock and roll. We found it on a railway bridge parallel to Siddals Road. The bridge carried six sets of silver rails out of Derby Station. These rails had snaked their way uphill to Derby from Lond - 126 miles of awfully heavy hills that Irish navvies and English platelayers had managed to tunnel through granite, and shit, and

rock during the early 1800's.

When night fell, and they'd laid two miles of track, they'd set up camp, and drink away their day's wages. Loose lady floosies from nearby villages would converge on the camps to soak themselves in gin, and lay a platelayer. These ladies of mercy are directly descended to today's British groupies. Ironically British groupies are known in some circles as "platelayers" - for other reasons.

On this bridge, this Siddals Road railway bridge, we'd sit and stand all day. Through hot summers, foggy, drizzly, snowy winters, and "trainspot". They were steamtrains of course-beautiful beasts fired and manned by grease-streaked, blood-red-eyed engineers - sweat bands around their necks, shovelling coal into greedy boilers. Trains had to climb like Hell out of Derby; wheels screaming and pulling hard; pistons slugging out steam; smoke-stacks filling the sky with black smoke and sparks. And that bridge rocked and rolled.

And listen. We'd have books and we'd collect the names of these fiery beasts. They had names like the street names - but even prouder - mounted on the side of the boiler in solid brass. They read "Lord Byron", "Tennyson" - the poets of old Albion. Or named after the once Great British Empire - "Seychelles", "Jamaica", "Bermuda", "New Brunswick", "Manitoba", "Newfoundland". Or they were named after generals - "Cornwallis", "Sandwich". And then even more splendid beasts were named "Colossus", "Thunderer", "Leviathan", "Victory", "Revenge" - after the old English warships.

They'd be roaring their way up to Glasgow, or Manchester, or South to London, or West to Bristol, Plymouth, Penzance. We saw the World pass by that Siddals Road bridge, The World! It roared and rolled, and chugged and boogied past us. And you know something, we found rhythm. And It was a British rhythm.

Yes, we were Johnny B. Goode's, sat by the railroad track, listening to the roar. And it was a raucus roar, and it screamed and whistled, and spat, and after a couple of years there was something more than corpuscles in a Siddals Road kids' blood - there was coal and steam, and thick black oil. And a boogie.

Across the road was a fish and chip shop, which sold a specialty called an "eightpenny mix" - that was chips, and soggy, mushy peas, wrapped in

old newspapers. It tasted better than the finest lobster served at The George V Hotel, Paris. And it will always taste better. And I remember seeing one kid with a guitar sitting outside the "chippie" one day. It was a bust-up old thing, and he was picking it with a half-penny piece. He was going "chug-chug-chuggy-wug". Like a train, like "Thunderer", or "Leviathan".

And then one day, a "trainspotter" called Alan Winson came up to me, and asked if I'd heard of The Beatles? I hadn't; few people had at that time. He said they were from Liverpool, and had a record out called "Love Me Do". He played it for me the next day. I liked it, but continued to adorn Siddals Road with my presence. My eyes longing to be filled with soot, and the empty shells of fired coals.

And then there was another day, many eightpenny mixes later, when I heard a record called "I Wanna Be Your Man", by The Rolling Stones. It was "Thunderer". It was rude and raw and ripping up track by the mile. Snarling and gutty and gutsy. It was railway kid music. The Stones had first started playing at The Railway Hotel, Richmond.

I stopped spotting trains - appallingly feminine diesel engines were beginning to appear anyway. I started going to The Locarno, Babington Lane, or the "local Palley" as the kids called it.

On Saturday mornings at The Palley it was kids' morning, The Beatles had got a lot heavier; The Stones were funkng on, Dave Clark slammed away. And we'd dance - just like we'd boogied on Siddals Road.

The Pretty Things were the Railway group of all time, followed closely by The Stones, The Troggs, and in a more literate way - the dear old Kinks. Ray Davies loved steam trains. He was a "trainspotter". But The Pretty Things - boy did they burn. They were playing guitars they were shovelling coal. And when I saw Ginger Baker, he was a railway drummer. He didn't have two arms, he had ten wheels and he cracked along like buggary.

The Locarno was a weird old place, filled with fake plastic palm trees. A dear chum of mine called Dennis Ballinger once urinated up one - a "bouncer" bounced Dennis good and hard. Now what's wrong with peeing up a plastic palm tree?

Girls were called "Talent" and boys were called "Yobs". I was intelligent enough to see that "Yob" was "Boy" spelt backwards, although I've never seen the subtle significance behind it.

We danced Saturday mornings away, as the 1,000 small coloured lights decorated The Locarno ceiling.

There was once a twisting contest. My "Talent" and I entered, and lost. The true English were never very good at twisting. Partially because it was a silly dance, and also because a young British lad had to keep his legs in good shape for soccer.

Now when The Stones were singing "Poison Ivy" and "Money" - very railroad stuff, straight out of St. Pancras Station, London, and heading for Glasgow - a very horrible thing happened in Derby.

Listen. Siddals Road trainspotting bridge had been closed to trainspotters because kids were putting one penny pieces on the rails, and after a train had passed over, the pennies were as big as pancakes. It was fun having a penny as big as a pancake - but some engineer somewhere said that putting pennies on rails not only made pennies as big as pancakes, but also derailed locomotives. So Siddals Road was "Off Limits".

Now listen. Trainspotters, bold as rams, and full of balls for the rock and roll of the railroad, hastened to London Road Bridge, just ten minutes run from Siddals Road.

London Road Bridge spanned the

six silver tracks, and you could spot there if you leaned over a bit. One lad leaned over a little too far one foggy November to catch the name of the locomotive pulling the Leeds Express. He plunged 40 ft. and landed like a stuck pig on four iron railings below. The iron railings had ornate arrow heads - a Victorian "novelty".

He was immediately a martyr to trainspotting. His name was Ronald Barrow.

I wrote a short poem in his memory. Here is the poem:

"Here lies the body of brave Ronnie
Barrow
His frail body pierced by the lunge of
four arrows
It took four arrows to kill a spotter
like he
Who's duty in life was to spot and to
see."

I'll be able to write a better poem for Ronald one day.

Diesels were really taking over now - and the sight of a steam train rocking and rolling was rare. They said diesels and electric trains were more economical, and were "progressive". Fools that they were, they failed to see that oil was already running low, and in a couple of decades time will

be no longer. And yet Britain is built on coal. There's enough for a million years.

And British rock and roll was built upon coal. That's why it's so bloody good, and loud, and natural. It's a furnace, a firebox of dynamics.

In fact, though the program was dreadfully awful, the first television rock show in Britain was called "The 6.5 Special" - a song by some fat character that had the opening lines ... "The 6.5 Special's roaring down the line..." The show featured people like Don Lang (fairly awful) and Lonnie Donegan (fairly cute). It wasn't railroad rock, but a steam train in motion was shown during each program.

The only reason I watched the show was to see the shots of the steam train. The music was vile - all 50s jive stuff, which was terribly boring and vastly over-rated (like James Dean, but that's another story).

The fastest speed ever reached by a British steam locomotive was done mid-way between the Wars by the engine "Mallard", designed by Sir Nigel Gresley, which on a run down the East Coast of England roared up to 126 m.p.h. - pulling a train too. Sir Nigel rightly became a hero, and if he were designing guitars he'd make a





faster one than Les Paul.

About ten months ago I saw the most famous rock and roller of all time. A locomotive that even Eric Clapton stole licks from. The most famous locomotive ever. Guess where it was? Right. Siddals Road my chums.

Now Siddals Road still exists, but they've pulled down the old tenement houses, and the fish shop, and the eightpenny mixes now cost 14 new pence. But across the new, modernistic, horrible concrete Siddals Road bridge stood this great rock and roller - "The Flying Scotsman". A man with money, a real rock and roller was having it preserved and refurbished in Derby, near Siddals

Road, Derbyshire, England. There she was. This steal beast, resplendent despite rust here and there, and sadly she had a cold boiler. There she stood, ready to boogie. The temptation was great to go over and fire her boiler.

I only once went inside the cab of a steam engine. It was hot as Hades, and flames licked out of the firebox to lick the shovel dry. The engine roared like a thousand Pink Floyds, while the wheels turned and raced with the grace of a deer. Ah sweet rock and roll.

I only have a few more things to say before I complete this garbage - just a few similarities to make between rail and rock:

The Yardbirds obviously took their name from groupies hanging around railroad yards; The Kinks were obviously named after the kinks in the rail near Watford Junction (North); and Led Zeppelin obviously took their name from the Zeppelins that bombed Siddals Road and Derby Station in the 1914-18 War. Proof enough.

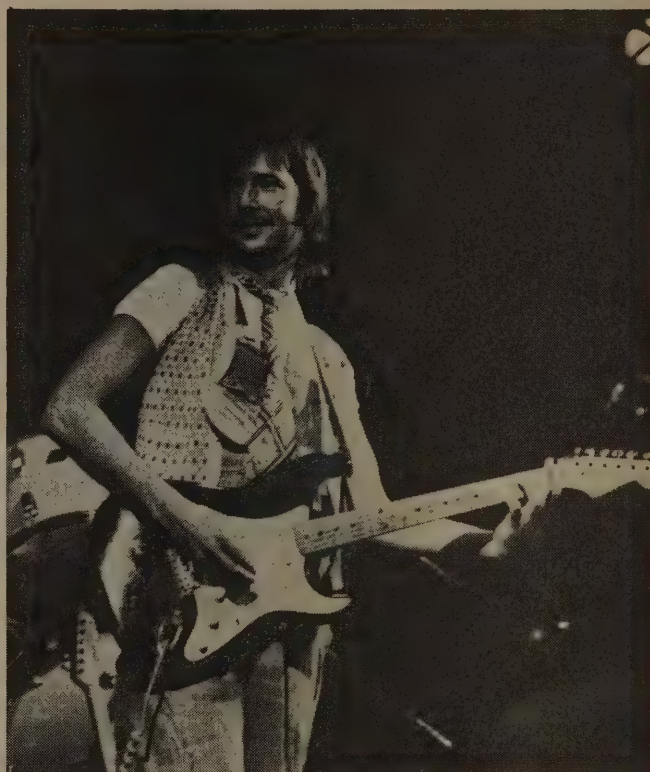
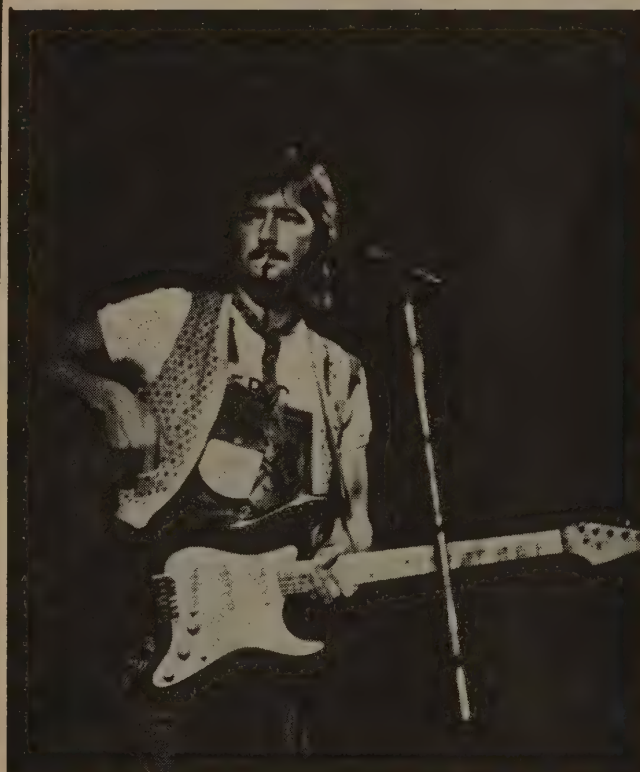
In the next issue I'll tell you just how important British soccer was in regard to contemporary rock and roll. All about tough men with hairy legs. And lots of fun. □

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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

By Lisa Robinson



Clapton's back, and he's more amazing than ever. The world's greatest guitarist has obviously come to terms with himself and the past three years - and the current tour (which takes him clear across the country for almost six weeks) is a monster. Appearing onstage with his band - Yvonne Elliman on vocals, acoustic guitar, tambourine, etc., Dick Sims on organ, Carl Radle-bass, Jamie Oldaker on drums, George Terry on guitar - Eric performs over a two hour set that by its very casualness is a fine contrast to the usual media EVENTS that artists of his stature usually take advantage of.

In New Haven, he performed for almost three hours in the pouring rain. In Philadelphia he came onstage looking like a cross between John Lennon and Bob Dylan in sunglasses and green

velvet jacket, - but then all comparisons ended as he took the shades and the jacket off - picked up the black and white Fender Stratocaster, and got into some serious electric guitar. Eric's performing songs from his new lp, "461 Ocean Boulevard" - songs like "Get Ready", "Willie and the Hand Jive", "Let It Flow" - but he's also doing magnificent versions of "Tell The Truth", "Badge", "Little Wing", "Crossroads", and of course - the encore is the stunning "Layla".

Right up front - along with the splendid guitar playing, is Eric's voice; he's using it beautifully with Yvonne Elliman's providing a strong harmony.

His whole stage presence is ... well, it really is almost *casual*; his pal Legs Larry Smith acts as compere and in-

troduces him - prancing and can-can-ing his way around the stage with a small orange ukulele in hand. Alternately referring to Legs as Stumps Larry Smith, or Legs Christian Anderson, or Arms Christian Anderson, Eric displays a strong sense of jollity onstage, and they both carry on a bit during "Little Queenie".

It's a very laid back Eric Clapton this time around, it's a pleasure to be able to see him perform on a stage again.

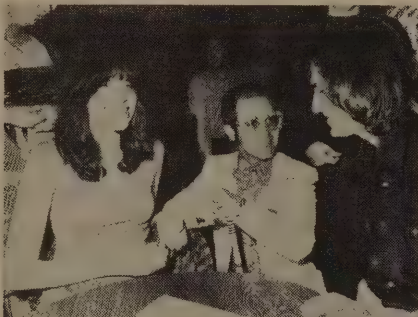
There are some concerts that remind you what the rock and roll magic was all about in the first place. Eric Clapton's tour has been just exactly one of those kinds of moments. It's a spontaneous, joyful event, rather than a pompous, star trip. Eric Clapton is back and music is better for it.

This past season has more or less been like a British invasion in general. The Who started things off at the Madison Square Garden for four days ... and then of course Bowie began his mammoth tour as well. The Who sold out the four Garden shows in hours, with no fewer than 50,000 requests coming in *after* the sold out notice was posted. Special stage barriers were set up, extra guards put on duty. However, there were luckily no incidents - with the exception of a few Townshend smashed guitars on the final night, and one night Keith Moon walked right *through* his drum kit! On the bills with The Who were Golden Earring (who won a lot of respect on this tour for their high energy and musically provocative performances), Maggie Bell, (who did only a short set at the Garden due to a broken dress strap and who was sensational four days later in Central Park at the Schafer Music Festival) and Montrose.



Townshend and Elton share a secret at the Kiki Dee party...

Bowie has been doing his concerts with perhaps the most elaborate rock set ever. The stage resembles a futuristic, art deco city (see page 44), a hydraulic boom that takes him out into the audience, and a remote control diamond/spaceship-like structure that he sings on top of. After a rest, he'll do the West Coast in September.



Elton pays his respects to Carly and James.

George Harrison will tour here in the fall, probably around November. On the bill with George will be Dark Horse recording artists (that's George's own label, distributed by A&M) Ravi Shankar and Splinter. George has produced albums for both acts - due out mid-summer.

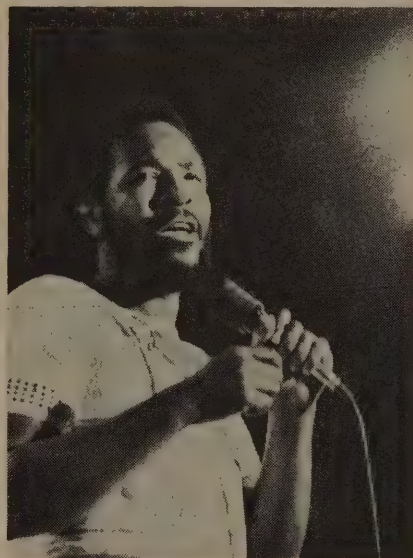
Bette Midler, fresh from a vacation in Paris, stopped by to see Maggie Bell both in her dressing room at Madison Square Garden and at the Schafer Music Festival in Central Park. Bette's manager, Aaron Russo, had been busy standing guard nightly outside the theater where the film, "The Divine Mr. J." is playing. Russo was decrying the exploitation of Bette's ten minute role in the five year old film ... Elton John was in town, doing some shopping. He also clinched an eight million dollar deal with MCA Records, and the lp, "Caribou" was rush released at that time. Elton also helped introduce Kiki Dee to New York City, at a reception held at the Bottom Line as well as out at Nassau Coliseum on a bill with the



Gold ... for Wings and Grand Funk...



Beach Boys. He stayed with friends Linda and Seymour Stein (Sire Records) in their magnificent Central Park West Apartment, and he looked verrrry elegant, having lost a lot of weight.



Marvin Gaye at the Forum concert.

... Carly Simon and James Taylor have been making the party circuit in New York as well ... Wings went to Nashville after Paul McCartney announced in L.A. that he had written a song for Peggy Lee's next album. While in Nashville the official word is that they're "rehearsing" their next lp, but some people feel sure they're probably recording. With them are Denny Laine, Jim Britten and Jimmy McCulloch ... Stevie Wonder produced Michael Jackson's next lp (see photo) for Motown, only they did it in L.A.'s Record Plant. The single is "Buttercup", and now Stevie's on to Jermaine. □



The divine Ms.'s Bell and Midler snapped backstage at Madison Square Garden.

Parties were held in New York the entire week The Who was in; one for Golden Earring at the Blue Angle, and one insane affair at the Manhattan Center the final night the Who performed. *That* gala featured a performance by The Ronettes, tons and tons of food, drink, belly dancers, fire eaters, and two roller derby teams who actually held a match for the delighted crowd of 500 invited guests. Peter Rudge, manager for The Who and a great sports fan, was ecstatic with the idea; maybe it will inspire a new trend for rock parties.

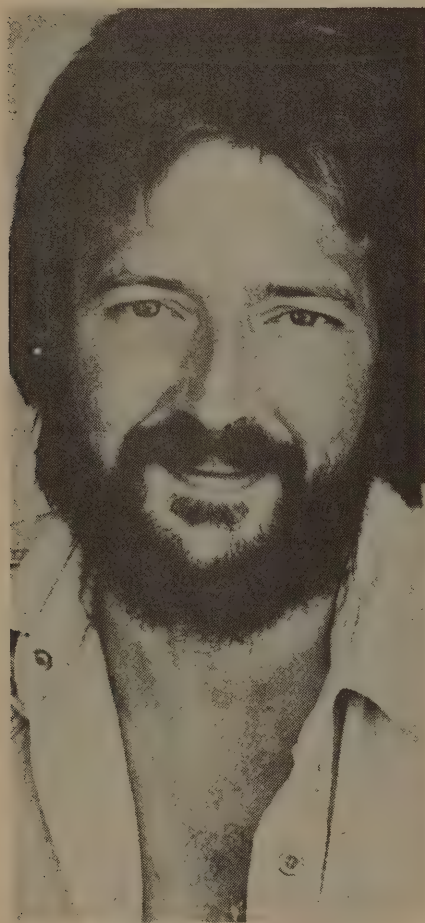


RECORDS

ERIC CLAPTON 461 OCEAN BOULEVARD

RSO Records SO 4801

By Lenny Kaye



The Eric Clapton that assumes center stage in *461 Ocean Boulevard* is not an Eric Clapton likely to be familiar to those who have dedicatedly followed his career.

It's been three years since he last stepped into a studio with the intention of constructing an album, an expatriated musical vacation that would probably prove fatal to an artist of lesser stature. He's been away for a time that's seen wide-spread changes override the way rock is

presented and received. From a semi-retired vantage point, he has had to watch the growth of theatrical performers, imagisitic purveyors, a commercial scene to which he never held allegiance. Perhaps the unkindest cut of all, it has measured as a time particularly apathetic to an artist of Clapton's temperament, the musician's musician, subtly mixed with taste and an eccentric desire to remain hidden in the background.

Yet the very same passive factors that could combine to make Eric's return that much harder also provoke a saving grace. His understated approach and belief in the power of musical talent means that he has never (except in his early years) locked himself into a musical formula. His sleeve card is the blues, three bars and home, but a studio musician demeanor and willingness to try anything - as on the Bonnie and Delaney tour - leads to the sane conclusion that he can expand his scope at will. Obviously he has no desire to be a front man anymore, and probably would be quite content not to ever again be placed in a position of leadership. The drawing power of his name belies that truth, however, and the end result is *461 Ocean Boulevard*.

It is a peculiar album by anyone's standards, relying on the surprising intensity of Clapton's voice rather than his guitar. Throughout, it is his singing which is placed on track-by-track prominence, his instrument held in bay, providing either cautious fills or mere bridgework. On the rare occasions that his six-string wonder does come out of hiding, the technique is so restrained, cupped in a crystal void, that it almost seems as if Clapton's venture with Derek and the Dominos was exhausting to the point of emptiness. Working with Duane Allman, he was literally propelled to reach deep into the neck, draining him, a finest hour for which Cream (and even the Yardbirds) were just preparation.

The band he has chosen for the album reflects this, a foundation to cushion rather than fuel. Drums are mostly shared between Jamie Oldaker and Al Jackson, noted for their clipped steadiness rather than atmospheric violence. Carl Radle returns on bass, and his differences from an eight-to-the-bar flurry such as Jack Bruce are notable in this context. Gifted with a superb sense of rhythm, he chooses rather than sprays his

notes, a variation in technique (both positions are arguable) that would tend to influence Eric toward his tastier, more subdued side. Abby Galuten and Dick Sims share keyboards, may it be assured that they stab them not once with Keith Emerson knives; and George Terry generally backs Clapton up with a sympathetic second guitar. Yvonne Elliman steps in for some vocal additions, a choice so odd (and workable) that it crumbles under the question of right and wrong, and there isn't a special guest appearance in the lot.

The material doesn't cover any expected moves, either, jumping from old rhythm and blues traditionals like "Willie and the Hand Jive" and Elmore James' "I Can't Hold Out" to the Rastafari reggae of "I Shot The Sheriff", courtesy Bob Marley and the Wailers. The originals are all tame and likable, with an especial nod to "Let It Grow" and the gospelish "Give Me Strength", G. Terry's synchronistic "Mainline Florida" ending the album on a romping scat.

But Clapton is the enigma. *461 Ocean Boulevard* is a pop album, a striking stylistic departure presenting Eric in a number of frameworks, most of which become successful only through a determined effort on the part of Clapton and the band. His singing is remarkable sweet and pure, and producer Tom Dowd has miked him close to provide a natural intimacy. It provides a new self-confidence to his voice, giving it inflection and drama; he can't even resist a trace of Jamaican accent on "I Shot The Sheriff". Instrumental prowess is shown off on a variety of vehicles, including dobro and a marvelously wrought slide guitar, but only in a Robert Johnson tune called "Steady Rollin' Man" does he slap on the phaser and get to work. The album opener, "Motherless Child", is about the closest *461* comes to an unabashed rocker, gnarled by the rhythm section and boosted to peak potential, while the Staple Singers accept their nod in "Get Ready".

It's certainly not what might've been expected, or even hoped for, but in its own tilted fashion *461 Ocean Boulevard* offers an oblique side of Eric Clapton, as if he finally stopped trying to deny personal truth and accepted his role as a pop figure. It couldn't have been easy: "Dear Lord," he sings to the wash of a sonorous organ, "Give Me Strength to carry on". Amen.

RECORDS



THE KINKS, PRESERVATION ACT 2, (RCA CPL2-5040)



Preservation Act 1 and *Preservation Act 2* are the pre-premier music that Ray Davies has written for his first full scale theatrical production in London's West End.

How you judge this album depends on what you take into consideration. Is it music, or is it music telling a story? Which songs stand alone, and of those that don't, which make sense in context?

Ray Davies' music has always been of the story-telling variety, so I'm used to judging his music and the pictures he's painting with it. But I feel that these two albums, particularly *Preservation Act 2*, aren't totally in focus. I know that Davies has attempted to achieve continuity with conversation between the cuts. I'm still not able to completely understand the flow of the music. *Preservation Act 2* being a double album set makes it even more difficult.

One thing is clear: Ray Davies writes great, impressive music. Whether it's a Broadway Vamp, a rock ballad, a choral chant, Ray Davies can write it. And he can sing it.

With *Preservation Act 2* I'd have been happier if I could have seen Ray singing as I heard the music. I miss his facial expressions, his little dances, his involvement in the songs. As a play or movie, the *Preservation* saga should be more than successful.

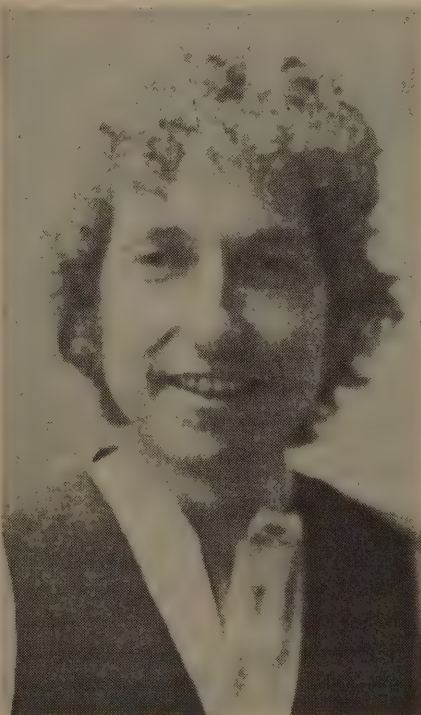
As an album, *Preservation Act 2* has some fine songs: *Money Talks*, with its learing vocal; *Nothing Lasts Forever*, with its bitter-sweet message; *Scrapheap City*, with wonderful lines about style. You will play it and enjoy it. But, like all albums that are a piece of something else — the soundtrack of a movie, the score of a play — you'll feel there's something missing, the energy to tie it all together and make it more than just a selection of songs.

Great Ray Davies is the way I'd describe this album.

—JL.

BOB DYLAN/THE BAND: BEFORE THE FLOOD

(Asylum Records AB 201)-



Bob Dylan's live concert recording of *The Tour of The Year* may very well be better than the concerts were. With the exception of a rather unnecessary side and a half devoted to the Band, a performance that is notably

uninteresting as well as being stuff already recorded live before, (noted writer Paul Gambacinni said it should be called "Band on the Re-Run") — much of this lp is Dylan at his best. Of course, the songs are all the old ones — only "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" was chosen as the sole example of the later work. But Dylan sings enthusiastically, proudly, and with a sort of bizarre dignity as he drags out the syllables at the end of each line.

Side One opens with a rousing, rollicking "Most Likely You'll Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine", followed by high energy versions of "Lay Lady Lay", "Rainy Day Women", and side ends with an incredible "Ballad of A Thin Man". This is probably my favorite cut on the lp — Dylan is at the piano and the visual memory of him rocking back and forth as he shouted out the words harshly. Side Two and half of Three are the Band — doing such old favorites as "Cripple Creek", "I Shall Be Released", "Stage Fright", etc. What can I say — to me this is incredibly boring, and seemed more like an attempt at democracy than anything else. It was Dylan's tour, the audience was polite towards the Band — but that was about it, as is very obvious throughout this recording.

Side Three also has some of Dylan's acoustic set — him alone with his guitar and harmonica doing "Just Like A Woman", "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right", and "It's All Right Ma, I'm Only Bleeding" — and the inevitable cheering when he sings, "Even the President of the United States sometimes has to stand naked". These songs no doubt will please the hard-core Dylan folkie/fans, but to me — the most incredible part of the entire lp is Side Four — especially when he sings "Just Like A Rolling Stone", and the audience very obviously sings along.

Some people feel that "Blowin' In The Wind" was the real *anthem* of the sixties; but I prefer to think of "Just Like A Rolling Stone" that way. It's a joyous, shouting, rendering — pure rock and roll — and one of the peaks of the four discs. Actually, it sounds almost like it's 1966 or whenever, again, and Dylan *just* went electric. That's the sound that comes from Bob Dylan that I personally relate to. I'm just sorry that songs he performed onstage during those concerts like "Tom Thumb's Blues", "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue", and others were left out of this lp in favor of the Band's overworked material. Maybe Asylum is saving it for "Bob Dylan/The Band: Part II" ... or "After The Flood" ...

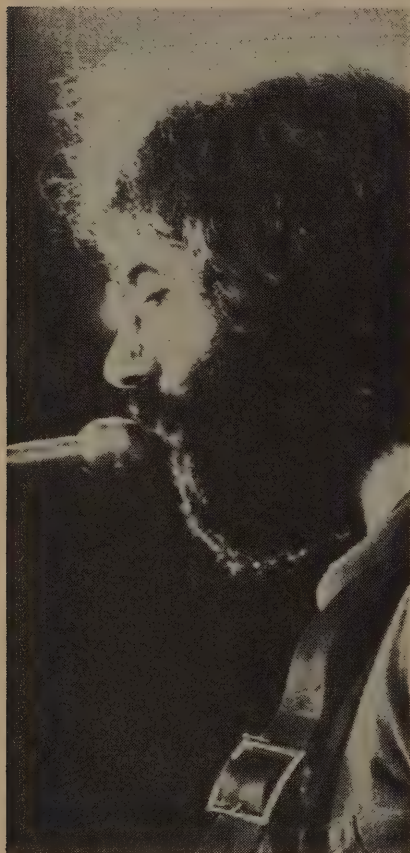
—Lisa Robinson

RECORDS



GRATEFUL DEAD, FROM THE MARS HOTEL

(Grateful Dead Records GD 102)



U.S. Blues is the song which begins the new Dead Album, *From The Mars Hotel*. It sounds like the Dead have checked-out.

Or maybe they just took all the lyrics they had left over when their other songs were finished, put them together, and *U.S. Blues* is the result. If that's the case, they didn't have much left over.

China Doll is next. Without bothering to check the credits, this tune was written by the author of *U.S. Blues*, or a close relation. *China Doll* is one of those painful slow blues you keep nodding out to just as you're about to figure out what the lyrics all about. But I like the title, sounds nice when you say it. *China Doll*.

Moving right along, we encounter *Unbroken Chain* which isn't bad, at times even good. I could live without the sound effects. In the middle of the song, everybody really takes-off. I've heard bar bands do a better job of rocking-out.

Loose Lucy ends the side. It's alright.

Scarlet Begonias starts the second side off strong. Nice, bouncy Dead material. Out of phase lyrics. Slightly catchy melody. Very good.

There are probably people who are laid-back far enough to think this album is a groove. I'm not and don't. There are bits and pieces I like. Like Garcia's pedal steel on *Pride Of Cucamonga*. But in general the moments are few and very far between.

Money, Money isn't too good. And *Ship Of Fools*, which ends the side is a snoozer.

I always said the Dead were a live band. This record is another of their attempts to capture that feel on plastic. I don't think it has worked.

—Richard Robinson

RICK WAKEMAN: JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

(A & M SP 3621)-



As keyboard player for Yes, Rick Wakeman recently seemed slightly out of place. One heard the rumours that as the other members of the band installed giant mushrooms et al above their places onstage, Rick wanted to put up a giant cheesburger. He's a bit of a raver, he is, and told me "I like to muck about, like my drink" (see next Hit Parader) - and the split from Yes wasn't a total surprise.

His "Henry" lp was highly successful, but it was minor compared to the reaction that "Journey" has received. This work, recorded in concert at the Royal Festival Hall, London - Friday, January 18th, 1974 with the London Symphony Orchestra and the English Chamber Choir conducted by David Measham (whew), and narrated by David Hemmings, is monumental. Yet it avoids being pretentious or excessive - because the music is lovely, the arrangements intelligent, and it is obvious Wakeman took alot of care with the thing to get it right.

The Band he's assembled for the concert will work with him in the future, and he plans to take "Journey" here this year. Garry Pickford Hopkins and Ashley Holt are the vocalists, Mike Egan's on guitar, Roger Newell on bass, Barney James is the drummer. You might not have been overly familiar with their names before, as Rick found several of them playing in local pubs around England - but you will surely be hearing more about them as Rick continues to pursue his solo career with this lot as his sidemen.

Side One is "The Journey" and "Recollection", and includes David Hemmings nicely delivered narration. Side Two is "The Battle" and "The Forest". There is the inclusion also of a beautiful color booklet with the words Rick wrote and fairly artsy craftsxy pix of what must presumably be, the center of the earth...? (Rick gives a respectful nod to both Jules Verne and E. Grieg for their influences as well.)

The music is in a way, like a symphony, in that it stands best together - and I look forward to seeing it performed live. But the music that Rick Wakeman writes, along with his larger-than-life concepts, is beautiful; he is an important artist who, in spite of his enormous musical range and talents, is an unassuming and intelligent part of the music scene. Any single part of this album is a valid piece of music on its own. I look forward as well to his next "concept" album, which he's promised will be about King Arthur.

—Lisa Robinson



MICK JAGGER: EVERYBODY'S LUCIFER

By Tony Scaduto
David McKay/ (\$8.95)



Tony Scaduto is a reporter and the man who wrote the excellent "Bob Dylan: An Intimate Biography". No stranger to biography after his Dylan research, Scaduto went to England and spent the past few years checking out the life of Mick Jagger. He talked to many people who were part of the British music scene as well as those personally involved in Jagger's life. What he has come up with is an interesting and provocative look at Mick - although, as he tends to avoid elaborate discussion about the Stones' music as well as never having talked to Mick himself, I think it will probably be the first in a series of Jagger bios; it's not exactly the definitive work in the way that the Dylan book was.

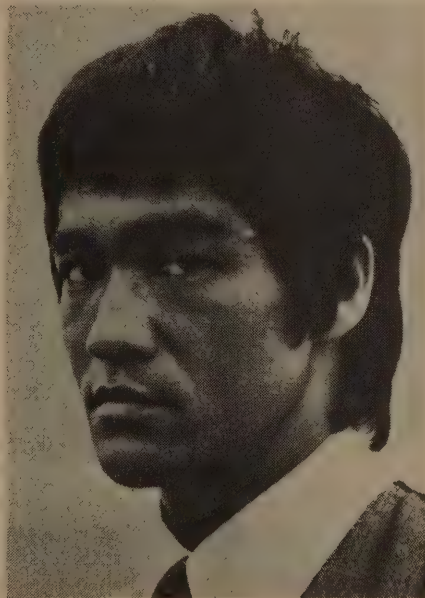
When Scaduto talks to Alexis Korner about the early sixties and the R&B music scene that exploded in London's smaller clubs, the information is first rate. Korner was responsible for helping many English rock and roll and blues musicians who wanted to play; the people he had in his bands and the stories are legendary. Scaduto also obviously did much research into the British newspapers of the time, the music papers as well as the dailies - much of the Stones' history is chronicled with the practiced reporter's eye.

My only objections are that there isn't enough discussion about the *music*. Obviously Jagger is a man who has helped create some of the most important music of the past ten years, and whereas the Stones' music went through many changes that Scaduto *does* examine, there is an over-emphasis on "Satanic Majesties" in this book - the one lp that Scaduto obviously doesn't like. Also, there is *much* material gathered from former Jagger flames Marianne Faithfull and Chrissie Shrimpton. One wonders (even though it's always compelling to read these kind of confessions) just how objective they can be.

But it still remains the best book on Mick Jagger I've read so far. The relationship with Mick and Brian Jones is very carefully documented, and remains one of the most valuable aspects of the 375 page (hardcover) book. I might add that it does not paint a very pretty picture of Jagger in many instances. A real plus are the black and white photos included in the book; some of them are really old - early 1960's shots of Brian Jones with Anita Pallenberg, Mick and Marianne, Mick and Chrissie, Keith, and of course - the entire band - and they're great.

THE LEGEND OF BRUCE LEE

By Alex Ben Block
Dell (75¢)



The Legend of Bruce Lee by Alex Ben Block is a readable, informative, and strangely compelling biography. This 75¢ Dell paperback is a two-sided narrative that blends the life history of a super-charged, charismatic Chinese-American, born Lee Yuen Kam at San Francisco's Chinese Hospital in 1940 with the marriage of fate and karma that created Bruce Lee, martial arts super-star-a legend born in no time at all; as the

mythology is still being written.

Although the eagerly-awaited biographical data is all within- factually presented and cogently organized - the main thrust and overall mood of the book is an investigation into the *legend* of the Little Dragon. (The English translation of Lee's Cantonese nickname. He was born in the year of the Dragon during the morning hour of the Dragon.) Apparently, there is good reason for the author's mystical approach to his subject. Alex Ben Block embarked upon his literary venture - this Karmie profile of how legend is born - because he felt that his karma was "irrevocably interwoven with Lee's..."

This conviction on Block's part readily explains the "larger-than-life" feeling that pervades the book as well as the Zen and Taoist quotations that are used as chapter leads. And certainly the majority of the quotations from Lee's family, friends, business associates, fellow martial artists, and Bruce Lee himself, have been chosen to lend insight into the nature of the "Chi" (or universal life force) that Lee seemed to be able to tap so easily.

We are given a picture of a man who worked his own will. Gifted with tremendous natural abilities, Lee worked at perfection with an almost religious intensity. Block, through the use of interview and anecdote, relates the story of how Lee managed to attain the grudging respect of the masters of the traditional schools of self-defense. He may have been totally unorthodox, but "he could do anything that he said he could." It frustrated the masters but it also awed them. (And kept them from complaining too loudly about Lee's approach and attitude; at least while he was alive.)

But Block has provided other useful information besides the stuff that legends are made of. There is a mini-history of the Hong Kong movie industry. This tenth wonder of the world was responsible for the flood of "chop socky" flicks that gave Bruce Lee the first important showcase for his talents. And there is a section of "exclusive photos" which just might be worth more than the cover price by themselves.

And, if mystery is your thing, there is a section detailing the medical and criminal investigations of Lee's tragic and abrupt death. To give the legend equal time, there is some theorizing on the possibility of foul play on the part of angry rivals. (But the plot is suspiciously similar to "Fists of Fury.")

In the end, we are left with the picture of a brash, headstrong, and egotistical, and charismatic leader of men and women, whose sheer energy and dedication (not to mention "destiny") thrust him to the top of his field and international stardom.

In the midst of expanding horizons and the possibility of achieving formerly undreamed of goals, Bruce Lee was, to use his own phrase, "liberated from life."

ELECTRIC NEWS



By Richard Robinson

Four Channel Fun

At first, the battle over the introduction of four channel sound was a corporate fight having to do with whose four channel encoding and decoding system would be accepted by the general public. Columbia Records and CBS had one system, RCA and Warner Brothers Records had another system, the Japanese electronics industry had a third, and there were others floating around.

Now the battle has changed fronts. No longer is *which system* the question. The problem is getting consumers to buy *any* system.

Electronics manufacturers have continually mis-read the home entertainment market. First off they refuse to believe that of the two billion records purchased each year, any but a small percentage is sold to young people. Exactly the opposite is true. Young people buy most of the records sold each year. And so, it must be young people who buy much of the equipment — amps, turntables, and so forth — on which these records are played. "No," say the manufacturers. They think that some amazing group of fifty year olds are responsible for most of the sales.

Well, they've begun to learn their lesson with the quad revolution. Quadraphonic sound is an extra added sound attraction, but it is expensive. It'll cost you about twice as much to buy a four channel system than it will a two channel system. Even if you get a quad amp for about the same price as a stereo amp, you've still got to buy two more speakers, a decoder, and possibly a special phono cartridge which in itself can cost up to \$80.

Most people with that kind of money in their pockets and a good hi-fi set-up already in their homes would rather spend their money on a second color tv, or a vacation, or more records.

Quad isn't selling that well. Many manufacturers are replacing their high

priced quad amps with high priced stereo amps. Others are scratching their heads wondering what happened to the quad revolution.

It isn't that quad isn't a great idea. It is. But it's like improving the horse and buggy to compete with the car.

Home entertainment is centered around the tv set, with the stereo coming in second. More people are into tv than radio or sound. And people want to spend their money on something new that fits in with their main interest.

If all the time and money that's been put into quad had been put into perfecting and marketing a home video disc system, I'll bet the manufacturers would be seeing a good deal more return for their money.



New Four Channel Fun from Sony.

New Tape Deck

Those of you who can afford to go quad, should consider getting a four channel tape recorder as one of your initial investments. Especially if you make home tapes, or want to record your band, you can't go wrong with a four channel machine.

Four channel tape recorders are equivalent to the kind of tape decks used in recording studios until a few years ago to actually record albums. With this kind of deck you can record four different channels of sound and then combine them (known as mixing) down to two tracks. In fact, you can record a full band one instrument at a time, using the over-dub and self-sync facilities available on most of these decks.

A modestly priced four channel tape deck that fits the bill is the new Sony Model TC-388-4.

The TC-388-4 is a 3-head, 2-speed open reel tape recorder that combines complete 4-channel $\frac{1}{2}$ -channel compatibility with a number of features designed to provide recording versatility. Primary among them are built-in mic/line mixing, and center-mixing capability in both 2-channel and 4-channel modes. Twin pan pots are provided to allow variable mixing of the rear channels with the front channels.

A new feature on the TC-388-4 is a pause control with built-in muting that will cut out the record head momentarily to facilitate editing while in the record mode. The muting feature also prevents the characteristic 'click' from being recorded when the pause control is engaged or disengaged.

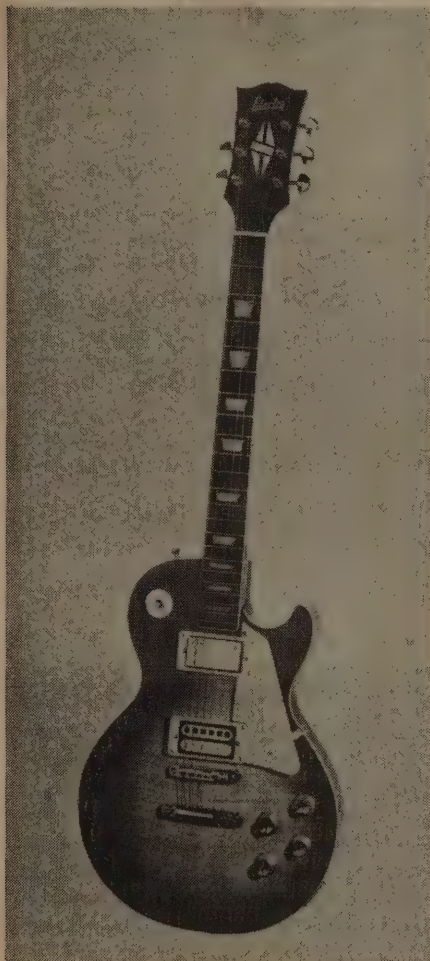
Hands off operation is facilitated by TMS (total mechanism shut-off) which functions at end of tape in any mode. TMS automatically returns the tape drive mechanism to stop position, preventing unnecessary wear on both machine and tape.

Other features of this new tape deck include adding to the recording capabilities with individual record switches and tape/source monitor switches for each channel, a 2/position mike attenuator switch and four illuminated vu meters.

The Sony TV-388-4 has a tape select switch to provide the proper record equalization when using either standard or low noise high output recording tape. Also featured are a four digit tape counter, built-in reel locks, stereo headphone monitor jack with mode selec-

tor switch, and four front panel mike input jacks.

Even if quad doesn't work out as a big consumer item, tape decks such as this one from Sony are going to continue to be big items for the serious home tape recorder. You really do have recording studio facilities at home with a deck like this one, especially if you hook it up to one of the new four channel output mixers that Sony is making.



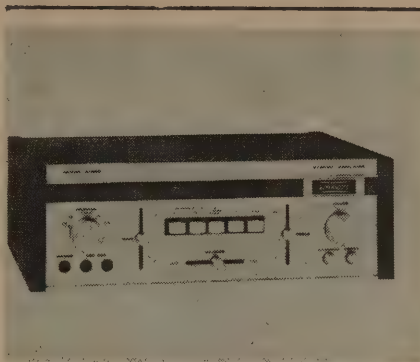
New from St. Louis Music Supply.

Electra Super Rocker

St. Louis Music Supply has just introduced a flashy new electric guitar which they've dubbed their 'Electra Super Rock' model. The Super Rock Electra features two humbucking pickups, a red sunburst curly maple top and is available in both solid body and semi-acoustic models. It has a three piece maple neck, special die cast machine heads with an eight to one gear ratio as standard equipment. In addition the back of the guitar body is specially contoured to allow for easier playing. Another important innovation is the construction of the lead pickup. The cover has been removed from the double coil humbucking pickup unit to allow for better pickup response.

In all the Electra is a solid, well built guitar, constructed along the lines of the Les Paul. It has tone and volume controls

for both pickups and a pickup position selector switch. Quality parts are used through-out and you should give it a play next time you drop by your local music store.



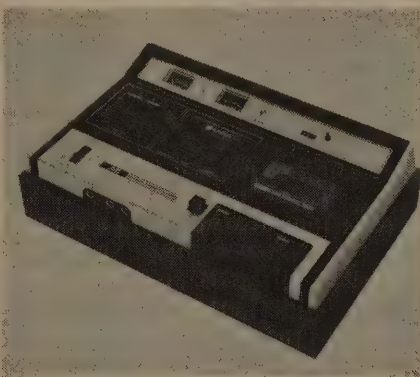
Superscope Model A-260 amplifier.

New Amp

An inexpensive, high quality stereo amplifier has just been introduced by Superscope. It's their Model A-260. It delivers 45 watts of power and has lots of features not usually found in an amplifier of this price: loudness contour selector, graphic straight-line balance control, separate bass and treble switches, mono mode selector, and front panel stereo headphone monitor.

The Model A-260 also features Quadraphase (R) circuitry which enables the unit to derive rear channel information from ordinary stereo sources and from matrix-encode sources. In addition, the A-260 will accommodate an outboard, plug-in four channel decoder or demodulator through its tape monitor inputs and outputs.

Very well made at a very reasonable price. □



J.V.C.'s Model CD-1656.

Getting The Hiss Out Cheap

The wonders of the audio cassette are just being explored. It has proven to be a cheap, convenient tape format that is easy to use and exceptionally handy, when compared to reels or cartridges.

Until recently, however, cassettes haven't reproduced music with the same full quality and wide range of frequency

responses that its big brother tape formats have.

Then along came the idea of electronic circuitry that would compensate for this loss of frequency and signal to noise ratio. The Dolby system is the most familiar, but other companies have also been working on noise reduction systems. Among them is JVC who have just introduced a new, low-priced, high-quality stereo cassette deck using ANRS, their automatic noise reduction system.

JVC Model 1656, this cassette deck has special heads for longer wear, a special electronic motor, and an auto-stop mechanism which stops the machine when the tape ends.

If you're looking for a stereo cassette deck to add to your present stereo system, give a listen to the JVC ANRS system of reducing tape hiss.



Ibanez Fuzz and Wah

Heavy Fuzz

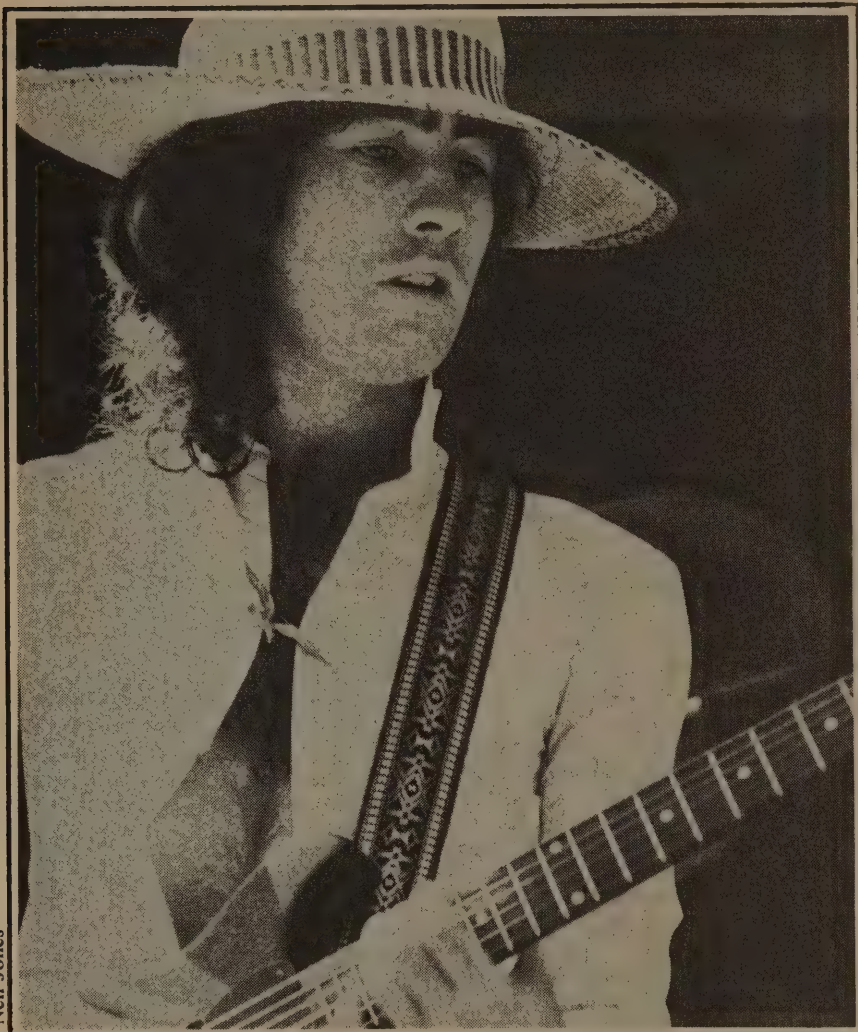
Fuzz has become part of the sound of electric rock. But there has always been a problem with fuzz — you had to make sure that you got a fuzz box you could depend on to work when you needed it. If you're going to get a fuzz unit, make sure that it is made well enough to stand the heavy usage such items get as you stomp and shove them across the floor during your set.

One such fuzz unit is the new Ibanez Fuzz/Wah/Volume pedal now available from the Elger company. The new pedal (model 90) is made in the U.S.A. and features a lifetime factory guarantee.

The pedal has four different wah sounds from mellow plus to wa brite and complete control over fuzz volume, tone, sustain, and octave sustain. The unit is die cast and finished in rugged black crinkle. It also features heavy duty switches and nylon rack-and-pinion gears.

If you're looking for a professional fuzz unit, with lots of extras that work, you should try the Ibanez unit.

PAUL RODGERS: "I've



Neil Jones

"We wanted a band where everyone was together in their heads and was going in the right direction musically," says Paul Rodgers. The result: Bad Company, with Paul as lead singer.

A new band with strong credentials, although they're reticent and disinclined to use their credits as leverage to get attention. Paul calls Bad Company his "number one band".

But the truth is that each member of Bad Company is a seasoned rock and roller. Paul himself was lead singer for Free and got his first gold record for their hit, "Alright Now". Drummer Simon Kirke was also in Free. Bass player Boz (Burrell) is ex-King Crimson. Lead guitarist Mick Ralphs was a strong addition to the original Mott The Hoople line-up.

"When Free sort of collapsed, Simon and I decided to try to keep it going as long as possible and we suddenly realized that we had to go home and have a rest," Paul explains. "I met Mick. I met him on a tour I did after Free with a band called Peace.

"We used to talk and got on really well. We started to phone each other up and

get into each other. Eventually we started writing songs together and we would just sit there and say, hey man, that's a nice idea. Eventually we had so much material together that it was becoming ridiculous. We said, 'Well, why don't we form a band,' and then I said, 'No man, you can't leave that group, man they are going to be big.' It didn't seem to matter to Mick, he was more into what we were doing and so we did it and there were the two of us and obviously the first drummer I thought of was Simon because Simon is so together and is such a tight drummer. So there were three of us and we looked around for a bass player and eventually we came up with a man named Boz. That's how it happened really, in a shortened version." Paul smiles. You can sense his enthusiasm for the band by the way he talks about it. His conversation is punchy, adding drama and color to his words. He sounds like Bad Company's biggest fan.

Paul explains: "Personally, I have always wanted a band where I could feel the way I feel now. I feel that I can bring a song along and it will be understood. We can arrange it between us to our own

satisfaction and really get a lot out of it. It's kind of hard to explain.

"I think that with this band now there is so much potential that that is really where the beauty of it is. Because what we have done so far, the reaction has been pretty incredible. I mean really. I'm not just saying that. We did a tour of England and we did a complete set of new material which no one had ever heard before, because the album wasn't out then, and the reaction was phenomenal. Because of that we have really gained a great deal of confidence because we feel that if we can play a whole set of new material which no one has ever heard before, and really turn people on when they're not familiar with the stuff, then we must have something good."

That's the way Paul was talking *before* "Can't Get Enough Of Your Love" was pulled off Bad Company's first album to become the number one song in England.

"We aim to be straightforward," he says. "We want people to understand what we are doing and to do that we have to have simple songs and we are only capable of writing simple songs, you know."

Paul is right, the songs on the first Bad Company album are simple and direct, straight-ahead rock and roll. But since the album's been finished Paul is straining to get onto the next plateau. To let the material work itself out.

"The thing is that it has improved. Even since we recorded the album, we can play all of those numbers just a little bit better. Because we have done it in front of an audience and we have gotten audience feedback. That's what we need. What we're looking for now is to get our teeth into a tour and really get off on those numbers."

Shades of Led Zeppelin. And correctly so, since Bad Company's first album is also the first release from Led Zeppelin's new Swan Song record company. Paul gives out that same confidence that you get from Jimmy Page. He knows there's an audience out there and more than anything else he wants to make contact. He knows the secret of being a rock and roll star. But there's nothing crass about him, he loves rock and roll music.

"The thing is with us that we care about every song we do. There's no fillers. The idea is to put a simple message across and to move people. To make them listen to the words and listen to the music and say, 'Yeah, sometimes I feel like that too.' Just to get across to people in our own way. The thing that we really want to establish is our own identity because in England, they sort of talk about, 'Well maybe it's one of these super groups and you know what happens with them.' During that tour I think we sort of proved ourselves in England to the extent that it is a band. That it is a band to be reckoned with

always wanted a band like this..”

because we are together and we are not fucking around with each other. We're in the same direction. We dig each other's playing and, again, what I really think the band has is potential.”

How come so many bands with the nicest potentials never seem to get it together, or keep it together?

“I think that your audience doesn't need to know about that and that's one thing that I have always believed in. That you don't tell the audience about your hangups because they have some of their own and they don't want to hear about yours. I think what you present is a tight, good, solid show which is full of music and full of nice vibes and full of things you can get off on and listen to and you can go away from the concert and say, 'Yeah, I learned something there.' When we do a gig we learn so much from that gig. We learn about the town we played in. I don't know if you understand that, like different towns have different reactions to the same song and you learn about the town and its people and it's a groove.”

Paul's obvious interest in music leads us to start talking about electric guitars and other instruments for the creation of rock. “I think people like Clapton and Hendrix have made the electric guitar a completely different instrument. It's not like an acoustic guitar. When I sit down at an acoustic guitar, I play really sad tunes, folk music.” He pauses for a moment then continues: “When you pick up an electric guitar, you feel the power of this technological society.”

But Paul's voice is his thing, his guitar

playing considered unimportant. Paul's a singer, often of songs he's written himself. “I'm a singer and when I travel I write lyrics and I try to write lyrics that I can actually speak. Say if I'm talking to a chick, that I can actually speak to that chick without any embarrassment.”

The British sense of women's liberation seems decidedly different from our's.

“I try to write lyrics about not only what I feel will express my relationships with various people but will also connect with other people. Because I think there are certain similarities — being human — you meet people and experience certain things with that person. Especially if it's a chick and sometimes you need to say that sometimes it really brings you down and sometimes it really brings you up and a lot of people can't really say it for themselves. I feel that if I can say it, and I can say it simply and directly and honestly and it's true, then it's a success. If when I write the lyrics and I listen back when I sing them and I think: *I wouldn't do that*, then I scrap them and write them again because it's got to relate to the people today and now.”

With Paul at the helm, Bad Company is a rough and ready rock and roll band. They're up to rock and won't let anything stand in their way. Just before the first Bad Company album was released, Paul talked about it: “I want to see the album out because I want to see what the reaction is to it. I mean the feeling I get is that a lot is expected from it and we put a lot into it. For us it was really a burst of energy because we were so ready to record. We had all those songs and

together and we just wanted to get them down on tape. We need reaction to the product to figure out where we are at on what level. We know where we are at within ourselves, but we need that reaction.

“People tell me that the reaction is going to be good, but I've got to see it to believe,” Paul says with a firm nod of his head.

He begins to talk about his audience: “They are the people that count and the ones that we want to reach. We live in a world of mass production and mass media and to me the mass media is full of shit. We are part of it but we want to produce something that isn't shit. That will get out there and make people think. Not sit there and meditate, but get off on it and also think.

“We do rock numbers like ‘Can't Get Enough Of Your Love’ that everyone must feel some times and relate to and then we do something totally different like Mick's song which is ‘Ready For Love’ where you suddenly feel that you've been through so many experiences, that all you want is someone that loves you and I'm sure that everyone has felt that.

“The whole spectrum is run from one end to the other. And even our theme song, which is ‘Bad Company’, is totally imagination, it doesn't exist and we imagine that we are cowboys.”

No matter what their imaginings, Bad Company has created a solid first album and a reputation, first in England and then here, that they are going to be one of the *must-see* live concert bands in the days to come. □Richard Robinson



ON TOUR WITH MOTT

By Lee Black Childers

Touring with a rock group is everything you think it is. It's exciting, hectic, glamorous, adventurous, sexy, fun, and occasionally, musical. It is also tiring, boring, hurried, nerve racking, health wrecking, and usually, frustrating. Touring with Mott the Hoople during the last three weeks of their recent American tour was no exception.

I got involved in this particular venture quite by accident. I went to see their Saturday night performance at the Uris theatre on Broadway. (It was the closing night of a week-long run I had been meaning to get to.) I had, coincidentally, left my position at MainMan only the day before for reasons that are a whole other story (book, probably). Suffice it to say that I was "at liberty", a phrase dear to the unemployed. Mott, at the same time, was looking for someone to take charge of all the little props and extras — mostly costumes — involved in putting on their show. (There is a New York based group that fills this position with someone they call their "valet" — really.)

Anyway, the duties involved mostly consisted of mending and cleaning the clothes, polishing the shoes, throwing groupies out of the dressing rooms, and keeping wandering assholes off the stage during performances. When Mott leader singer, Ian Hunter, learned I was available he suggested I take the job. It was a nice chance to get away for a few weeks and do a job that required only the use of my common sense. (Needless to say, my common sense hadn't gotten much of a workout at MainMan.) I had been on several tours before, so I knew what I was letting myself in for. I took the job anyway.

The next morning after hastily packing my trusty aluminum suitcase and celebrating at the Club 82 until dawn, I was off for Boston. A rock group on tour travels in divisions. The technicians and members of the road crew responsible for the massive equipment travel on the road in huge rented vans — they never sleep to my knowledge and exist solely on McDonald's hamburgers purchased quickly on the road whenever the beloved golden arches rear into view. I was in the other, perhaps luckier division. We flew from town to town.

In my group were the musicians — Ian Hunter, Ariel Bender (lead guitarist, once known as Luther Grosvenor of Spooky Tooth), Overend Watts (bass), Morgan Fisher (keyboards), Blue Weaver (organ, once with the Strawbs), and Dale Griffin (drums—and even though he prefers his new name reasoning that he can gain more respect with a more conventional name, I find I can and do respect him a great deal as Buffin which he shall

hereinafter be called by me). In addition, our group included Stan Tippins, the road manager, and Mick Hince who was in charge of all the rigors of travel such as the luggage.

Boston was even more gray and dreary looking than usual upon our arrival. It was chilly and drizzling. A sombre mist hung over everything. We stayed at the Parker House of Parker House rolls fame. It was okay — all hotels tend to look alike when you stay in a new one everyday. I didn't see much of this one anyway as we had two shows that night and I had never so much as seen the costumes except on Mott's backs in the show at the Uris. I needed to rush right over to the hall to acquaint myself with the wardrobe and get things prepared.

As I rushed past a more than usually confused band in the lobby I overheard the news that a member of Queen had fallen very ill and as of tonight they would have to cancel the rest of the tour. Queen had been the very successful support act for Mott on the previous five weeks of the tour. Well, well — disasters already. That's rock 'n roll.

The theatre where we were to perform was old — as old as the Boston Tea Party and probably hadn't been cleaned since then. The dressing rooms were appalling. I thought I had seen everything until I opened the wardrobe cases. There was more confusion in those trunks than in Wayne County's shopping bags. Some of the promoter's boys showed up to work on the dressing rooms as I set to work on the trunks. After hanging and cataloging all the clothes (at least three complete outfits for each band member) I began on the smaller items.

Bits of jewelry, chipped buttons, shoe laces, a package of about twenty tubes of Preparation H (let me hasten to add that not once in the tour did anybody require it), lots of spray deodorant, and three cans of white spray enamel. (I was soon to learn that this was responsible for the beautiful shine on Ian Hunter's boots.) Things were pretty much in order by the time the band arrived. The dressing rooms had undergone a suitable transformation, also, and now served to display an array of cold cuts, fruits, cheeses, and some anonymous food steaming under metal lids. The drinks had also arrived.

The amount of booze consumed on the road is legendary, so I needn't go into it in great detail. As you must know, nearly every rock group has a very specific list of required beverages written right into their contract. Our needs were modest: in addition to the masses of beer and soft drinks, we required many, many bottles of Blue Nun wine (chilled), one bottle each of Jack Daniels (black label),

Johnny Walker (black label), Courvoisier brandy, and Smirnoff vodka with all the fixin's for Bloody Marys. Promoters very often tried to foist off inferior brands or labels on us in an attempt to save a penny or two.

They were usually successful, since at showtime any reasonable facsimile is better than nothing. Surprisingly, the thing most often missing was the tomato juice. Don't ask me why. Anyway, a Bloody Mary is a very strong and unappetizing drink without the tomato juice, so sometimes the show did indeed wait while someone was dispatched to get some. I cannot say if the show would have been cancelled if none had been forthcoming, for it always was. As everyone selected their own preference I noticed the scotch remained untouched. I took this as a sign from providence and sure enough, scotch and I became companions for the duration.

Both shows went well. Mott's hard-driving, energetic show would revive even this particularly drowsy audience. By halfway through the show they were on their feet cheering and screaming (with both eyes open). This, much to the horror of the self-important, probably music-hating ushers who proceeded to race around the auditorium waving their flashlights and bellowing at people to sit down. It soon became apparent that they would never get them seated short of shooting them, so I guess they figured the least they could do would be to ruin the night in whatever way they could.

So, their absurd posterings of authority continued to the very end. Ushers everywhere are not like this. Promoters with some vague sense of rock and roll hire young people who can appreciate the music as well as keep order. And not surprisingly, in my experience I have found the only trouble or violence I have encountered has occurred in halls with vicious ushers who invited it. Chicago is a prime example. They probably have fights at Cat Stevens' concerts. Of course, they use every kid with a bloody nose or a broken bone (their handiwork) as a reason for their own importance.

Enough of that. During the shows I settled into the routine of my touring duties: showing the door to strange boys with mascara running in great streams down their cheeks (how do they manage that — my mascara never runs), straightening the clothes, and trying to get out to snap a few pictures from the sidelines. During the course of these photographic breaks, I became intranced with the roadies. I don't know if anyone in the audience ever notices them except when they run on to right a fallen mike stand, but they





Lost Black Children

are always there. Barely concealed behind amplifiers or drum kits, they wait ever attentive of any little problem on stage which they can rectify.

After the show there was a little gathering in honor of Overend's birthday, but it was small and calm. Nothing in comparison to what was coming. The Dufys, the clannish would-be Hiltons who own the Parker House, should thank their lucky stars — for a rock group that sleeps at night can save a hotel a lot of money and trouble.

The next morning after narrowly missing being trapped in a slow moving high school band parade honoring one patriotic event or another we headed for the airport and thence, Washington D.C. By morning I mean sometime after noon, our usual flying time.

I had to get up every morning at seven, however, to take the costumes soiled by the previous nights antics to the cleaners so they would be ready by noon. Yes, the cleaners open at seven in most towns. I would then return to the hotel and, after my shower and morning toiletries, settle down to my morning ritual — watching the game shows. It wasn't just me, though. The whole band kept the TV on all morning. It was the easiest way to tell time, since practically no one had a watch in working order (like everything else on tour, they break).

The shows run a half hour — if you find out (from a maid) what time it is during one of them you can keep track of the time all day. Once I walked into Buffin's

room to see if he was ready to leave. "We're leaving at half three, aren't we?" he asked. We were. "Well, it's only three o'clock because 'Girl In My Life' just went off," he quickly fired back. True. I had been out and had lost track of my game show. Of course, we also got involved in the shows. There was many a flight grumbled at because it rudely departed at the same time as "3 On A Match" and we wouldn't get to see if Jon, a favorite, gained the championship.

"Hollywood Squares" and "Jackpot" were real favorites because if you missed a couple of shows, when you saw it again it usually had the same people on it. Morning movies were our downfall. Not only did you lose track of time, but their effects on the morning flight were often devastating. Every member of the band is good at impressions, particularly Morgan and Ariel. Whatever movie had caught their attention would be replayed on the flight. A simple Humphrey Bogart prison epic was harmless enough resulting in mere mumbled threats under their breath with only an occasional burst of deafening machine-gun fire reverberating throughout the plane. But, I'll never forget the morning after "The Hunchback of Notre Dame".

This particular version had been the Charles Laughton - Maureen O'Hara epic. Printed words can never impart to you the looks on the faces of air travelers as they heard the terminal echo with "She gave me WAAATER!" in what sounded for all the world like Charles Laughton

but looked like Morgan Fisher. Or how can I describe the chaos created as we were going up a crowded escalator and Morgan rushed through the crowd shouting "SANCTUARY!" As this happened I turned to see a sheepish looking Buffin (sometimes the rowdiest of them all) mutter, "Kind of makes you want to hang back and look ordinary sometimes, doesn't it."

Although movie imitations were a great favorite, the real specialty was wild animals — wild birds, monkeys, elephants. If everyone was in their own room loosening up before a show, the hallway sounded frighteningly like the upper reaches of the Amazon. It was amazing. Need I add, however, that when these "wild animals" reached the stage they turned out a precision show the likes of which none of us could hope to produce.

Morgan, whose "hunchback" was as retarded as you could imagine, approached his piano with incomparable artistry. Ariel Bender, who hours before would be biting his knuckles in some frightening parody of insanity, would be racing about the stage bringing sounds out of his guitar as amazing to his audience in the theatre as his previous charades had been horrifying to whatever businessmen were populating the airport that morning. In the face of such work, the morning antics could be quickly dismissed.

The whole thing reminds me of a day I spent with Simon Turner, a young



Lee Black Childers

English pop star, who after hours of similar, if less extroverted, shenanigans that obviously met with my amused disapproval, looked at me and said: "It's not easy having a good time." It's not — but God knows, we keep on trying."

Washington D.C. was distinguished by one thing — a lady. After a good show, we returned to the Shoreham Hotel — the site of many a political fete. As usual, a pretty big contingent of fans turned up at the hotel after. These fans are usually the particularly adamant ones and are welcomed by the exhausted performers for the few hours of adoration they afford. After everyone was settled in one particular room I decided to leave to get to bed early — remember the cleaners at 7? When I opened the door there was a fifty-ish woman in a long semi-transparent hot pink nightgown.

Her breasts were fully exposed although she made half-hearted attempts to cover them. She just stared at me. "And they call us freaks," I thought. Suddenly she shrieked, "YOU PERVERTS!" and charged me with her fingernails bared. "Please," I thought, "not since Rosalind Russell in *Picnic* — doesn't she realize?" I ducked. She hit the door with some force and turned to have at me again. Just then Ian stepped through the door and she attacked him instead shouting obscenities I would only use in fun, never seriously.

Jan, having been taught the English way of handling women, slapped her back. This could ruin the party. I went

back inside to, what else, complain to the management. I got about half my story out when they finished it for me. She lived in the hotel, it seemed, and although rich enough to pay the \$130. a day her suite cost, she was nutty as they come — and hooray, the hotel knew it. She wasn't the first nut I had had to deal with who used our youth and flamboyance as reason enough to condemn us — but, she was the first one that the hotel agreed with me on. It was my chance to let loose every complaint I had pent up inside me. I went wild. They had her removed from the hall and the party went on.

One other thing happened in D.C. Overend's boot broke. Overend Watts wears thigh high boots in either red, black, white, or leopard skin with five inch platforms. His favorite red pair were now only one. The zipper had given up the ghost in the other one. As I have said, everything breaks during the course of a tour — your clothes, your luggage, your health, and most of all, the costumes. I was now saddled with the disabled boot. Like an albatross, I had it with me everywhere I went.

I packed it up in each city and unpacked it in the next one. Then I'd haul it to the local shoe repair shops where I would be met with horrified stares. Shoe repairmen (cobblers?) probably have nightmares about boots like this one. Even though I had been provided by Overend with a new yard and a half long zipper (probably intended by the manufacturer for use in sleeping bags), no

repairman would install it. It was hopeless. Meanwhile, Overend resorted to wearing one red and one black boot. He could not bear to part with the last red one.

The tour marched into the South. Southern audiences are universally adored by rock groups. They dance and scream and truly enjoy the shows. Southern adults are universally abhorred by rock groups. Not all of them of course — salesladies, for example, are wonderful. Not so for hotel clerks and airline employees. For example: in Knoxville, Tennessee, which was boiling hot and humid the band all chose to wear tank tops for the flight in an effort to achieve some semblance of comfort in the heat. We were informed by the Delta airlines ground personnel that company policy dictated that no one be allowed aboard the plane unless we came up with sleeves somewhere.

After the usual shouting match, we realized that they were in the position of power and the search was on. It was ridiculous — the luggage had been checked already. Miraculously, jackets and shirts appeared — some from the local gift shop. We boarded without further trouble and once on board related the story to an incredulous stewardess to see if we had indeed been subjected to airline policy. No, it was no policy she had ever heard of, but then she wasn't from Knoxville. The Knoxville concert had been, as expected, one of the best on

(continued on page 64)

THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW



By Lisa Robinson

JIMMY PAGE

Jimmy Page, Led Zeppelin creator and lead guitarist extraordinaire, was in New York recently along with the rest of Zeppelin, Bad Company, Maggie Bell and Roy Harper, to announce their own Swan Song label. After a lavish luncheon at the Four Seasons, Jimmy relaxed in his St. Regis hotel suite and we managed to talk to him at length about Zeppelin's forthcoming lp, film, and possible tour, (although it now seems unlikely that the band will tour here this year). This is the first installment.



Bob Gruen

HP: Tell me about the album.

Jimmy: Well, it's a double lp, and we recorded it with a mobile truck courtesy of Ronnie Lane and then we got some other material done at Olympic, some done with the Stones mobile unit and so forth. But the bulk of it was with the Ronnie Lane unit and it's nearly finished. Just mixing has to be done. It really is the only album that we've been able to do straight through without a tour interrupting it or anything.

HP: What about live stuff from the last tour, is any of that on it?

Jimmy: No, none at all. The stuff that we've been recording live is stuff that has been recorded live on tape since about the second lp. We must have about four or five sets of different live tapes. We recorded last year at Madison Square Garden obviously, because we were filming as well. That's really the best one, and if anything goes up, it will probably be that. We are getting a film together of that Madison Square Garden gig as well as some things we've added at home ... stuff from England and alot of goofing around, great deal of contrast. Sort of showing what we are up to in England when we're off the road. And the difference in pace of life here versus life there, if you can call our life there one with a pace. We haven't finished the film yet, so I can't give you a complete run-down. The way it's going now, is that it's really good - and the live stuff will come from the Garden tapes.

HP: Have you been mixing that?

Jimmy: No, I haven't had a chance to get near it yet. I'm still working on the double lp at the moment, and that's going very well. That lp should certainly be out by the summer, and during that time we can finish the film and maybe that could come out in the fall. But I mean, that's very rough. I don't know the exact time sequence of these things - but that's how I would predict it.

HP: Are you predicting trouble with your cover artwork this time? I know that held up "Houses Of The Holy" ...

Jimmy: No, and we don't have a concept for it yet. It will probably be black and white cover to avoid all those problems though. There have been alot of titles put up, but as of now, nothing that really could hold up. It's quite a big project really, doing a double lp that is all stereo stuff. Most people who do a double lp have live stuff stuck in there to spice it up. But we'll see how this one goes.

HP: Is any of it old material?

Jimmy: There's a little bit of old stuff, but not really. Some of it stuff that didn't get on the "Houses Of The Holy" lp, or the 4th. I think there will be some surprises on this album.

HP: What do you mean, surprises?

Jimmy: Well, it'll hit people in the groin more than some of the other things that we've done. I mean every album that we've done has been different, and that's not a conscious thing but more the natural evolution. This one is change.

There's alot of instantaneous, or spontaneous stuff that we did at Hedley Grange - and that's where we did the fourth lp. We had about three sides of that, and we also had some left over from the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th lps, and so we're going to put some of those things in just for the fun of it - and that makes up the double lp.

HP: What's your feeling about double albums in general?

Jimmy: Well my feeling is if you start putting in all the old crap and things to just take up the time, I think you're getting into a dangerous situation and it doesn't mean very much. Now this thing that we're doing is all studio stuff and it's very good. The only reason they got left off other lps is that there wasn't time to put them on - you've only got what, 40 minutes ...

HP: As far as the film is concerned, you said that it shows the contrast between life on the road and in England. Is there that much of a contrast really?

Jimmy: Well, for me the contrast is that I was going to go back to the mental asylum, but I never made it and besides, they forgot to film it.

HP: What?

Jimmy: It was a thought I had after two months of constant on the go in hotels and airplanes. And living out of suitcases. I mean, one can be disoriented but it gets to be that you just can't relate to anything anymore and there is no yardstick. So that was going to be my plan but for-



Jim Cummins



Neal Preston

unately nobody recorded it.

HP: Can you figure out another way to tour?

Jimmy: Well no, not really. I mean there's two ways of doing it, you can do it with planes and you can do it with motorcars and buses. And with a bus, you get so fed up that by the time you get to the gig you're so bored it's impossible. You're playing cards and relating stories and constantly peeping out the window and it's really hard. The plane ride gets across the urgency of it all. And then it depends on what kind of a group you're in. If you are a group that falls asleep midway through a concert, then I suppose it's okay.

HP: What about the fantasy level of just coming here for a month or so and having one big party?

Jimmy: It doesn't seem that way for me, a party ...

HP: Back to the film for a minute. Would you release it before, or instead of, going on tour?

Jimmy: It's possible, because the film is nearly finished, footage-wise, and the music needs mixing down.

HP: Did you all do something for it at home?

Jimmy: Well most people did, but I didn't. I was trying to reconstruct the hermit which was on the 4th lp and unfortunately the director or producer, whatever it was at the time, wasn't doing a very good job. And what was supposed to look like a really esoteric climb toward

the aspiration of truth looked like somebody scrambling up a rock. And it didn't look anything like a hermit at all, so I don't know what it's going to be. I might have to reshoot it again. But the film in itself is very, very good - there are no problems with that. And the music is fine, it's probably some of the best live stuff we've ever done.

HP: Have you seen any of the other rock films? Like the Stones' concert thing?

Jimmy: No I haven't, I'm not very interested.

HP: Do you feel that it's better for you to create without seeing any of that?

Jimmy: Sure. I think it's better not to see what anybody else has done in case you get involved with it and you say, "Well - that was a good idea, let's do that." I don't want to get into that. I'd much rather we put our heads together and come up with our own ideas.

HP: In terms of touring, do you think you've neglected England?

Jimmy: We don't neglect England. We do a tour here and we do one there. We do a tour in Australia and we do one in Japan. And then we do a tour in the mental place.

HP: You keep mentioning that. Is touring really that bad for you?

Jimmy: Not bad really, just very taxing.

HP: What have you been doing for the past six months - when you aren't in the studio, that is.

Jimmy: Well - I've got a small studio at home, it's quite archaic really. It's the

remnants of what other studios would have thrown out and is pieced together in my attic. It gives me enough of a guide, a sketch pad, sort of, to lay down ideas ... to put the harmonies down and stuff. And I'd say that about 80% of the things we do are done that way. I do them at home and then later I play them for the group and get a set of opinions. I tape them down - it's an 8-track recording, and then I mix it down to a cassette. I haven't got drums, but I do all the rest. I basically do that when I'm getting something together. Other times things just come out spontaneously and lo and behold something is happening.

HP: Like "D'Yer Maker" and "The Crunge" ... you know, "D'Yer Maker" was quite a substantial hit here.

Jimmy: Really, how nice. I heard "Dancing Days" on the radio today and I was quite surprised.

HP: That and "Over The Hills and Far Away" were on a lot of juke boxes last summer ...

Jimmy: Well, we'll see what they think of "Custard Pie" and "Trampled Under Foot" and "Wanton Song".

HP: How many songs are there?

Jimmy: About sixteen.

HP: What do you think it is about Zeppelin that has sustained you all these years? It's lasted, and there's nothing faddish about it ...

Jimmy: Well right, it's good, and it's not just something superficial that is only going to last while the tinsel around it is



Neal Preston

new. What makes it last a bit longer, I don't know. That sounds a bit pretentious to me, and I really don't know. It's difficult for me to put into words, but one would hope that it would last longer than most and whether one can sustain it or not is a different story.

HP: Well - you've sustained it now for six years, is there anything else that you've sustained that long in your life?

Jimmy: Nothing I'd care to mention on tape.

HP: Do you still have time to devote to experimenting with unusual instruments?

Jimmy: Well the only interesting thing in this day and age is Indian instruments and that's been done, and synthesizers - and that's been done.

HP: Well - the problem is that both of those are used as gimmicks.

Jimmy: Well I think a synthesizer is alright to use as long as it doesn't sound like a synthesizer.

HP: What do you think about Roxy Music and what they've been doing?

Jimmy: Well I think they're great - I like what they've been doing. Bryan Ferry is great - he really has got the whole thing down. He waited and he knows the whole thing, and he can keep his tongue in his cheek as long as he needs to.

HP: Are you involved with the music scene in England at all?

Jimmy: Well, I'm not involved with Suzi Quatro or any of that. It's just not my bag at all - I can't see it. There is so much music around, and a lot of it falls into a

political niche that I am afraid I can't subscribe to. It's very safe to play that, it's the stuff that gets piped into the factories while they work. Music while they work. Keeps them going, nothing to think about, no - I'm not into that.

HP: What about commercial radio in London now?

Jimmy: Let me tell you about that. There was this chick named Marsha Hunt who was on the commercial radio station - Capitol. She said a couple of controversial things - I think it was about dildoes or something - and she got sacked from Capitol. She got sacked with one endorsement - these commercial radio stations have about three endorsements and then they get cut off. So now Capitol has two to go, it's ridiculous.

HP: How do you feel about writing lyrics for your albums?

Jimmy: Well, I've written lyrics, Robert wrote the lyrics to this lp because I was lazy. But we do work in the studio together.

HP: Is there anything that you feel you can't do within the context of Zeppelin? Musically, that is.

Jimmy: No, not at all. I'm a musician. If I did anything, it would probably be a totally instrumental thing with an orchestra or something. I've had my go at lyrics. I did a large percentage of lyrics on the first lp, and well - it declines, actually, somewhat less on the second lp, ... third, I did a whole song on my own, - "Tangerine", and fourth, Robert did it. When he wrote "Stairway To Heaven" I

thought, "Right, that's it, and there's no point in my doing any more lyrics because I couldn't do that. And he wrote the lyrics to the fifth lp and also this one.

HP: Is it a relief not to be doing them?

Jimmy: Hardly, because I'm thinking of doing some more. It's not the point that I can't do lyrics, it's just the point that I want to keep the music going, going and going ... you have to keep exploring. If you just work within a musical framework, that's no good.

HP: Getting back to what I asked you before, about being on the road and that fantasy lifestyle, how does it affect your life?

Jimmy: Well, it only affects me when I'm on the road - it's like then I go back in the studio and become Dr. Jekyll. Dr. Jekyll appears in my studio, tripping around with EQ's or whatever, and Mr. Hyde appears on the road.

HP: What else would you do if you weren't doing this?

Jimmy: You mean how else would I crucify myself?

HP: What?

Jimmy: My music is my crucifixion.

HP: Not your salvation?

Jimmy: Think about it, it is - I tell you. I sweat out every song, and I bleed them out.

HP: And when you hear them back, what do you feel?

Jimmy: It's a statement in time, and my crucifixion. I just forget about it. □

(To Be Continued)





JOHNNY WINTER

Will Always Be A Star

By Daniel Goldberg

Ten years from now, twenty years if he wants to be, Johnny Winter will still be a star. He may never have a giant hit or his own TV show, but like rock and roll, Johnny Winter is here to stay, a forever famous name. Of course it takes more than a famous name to remain a star as Chubby Checker and Fabian know all too well — it takes a talent that can transcend the years — a personality that will always be unique. Like Liberace or Elvis Presley, Johnny Winter is in that category for life as long as he desires to keep up performing. In the field of rock and roll — a field dominated by sensations that last a year or two and then forever yield to new raves — Johnny Winter is a rarity.

Other long-term superstars — like Little Richard or Chuck Berry have relied on old hits they made famous as well as their special show business magic to perpetuate their headline careers long beyond those hits. Johnny is different in that his appeal comes not from his hits but from himself — he himself is the hit the fans will always come to see — a natural showman.

Although Johnny first came to public attention as a brilliant guitar technician — a man of flying fingers with dexterity comparable to Hendrix, Clapton or B.B. King — Johnny's goal has always been more to be a star than to be a great musician. His music is merely a vehicle for his personality. Unlike many rock stars who have little sense of their legend — Johnny is an expert on his. He has saved every photograph and clipping about himself since he was nine years old. "I always knew that it would pay off some day to save all this stuff — I figured somebody would be interested," he says as he recalls the long road that led to his "overnight" jump to superstardom five years ago.

"I started playing the clarinet when I was five or six, but the dentist told me I'd have a really bad overbite if I

kept up so when I was eight or nine I started playing the ukelele and I kept that up until my hands got big enough for the guitar."

When he was 15 — in 1959 — Johnny made his first rock and roll record with his band Johnny And The Jammers. "There was a contest to promote the Chuck Berry and Jimmy Clanton movie 'Go Johnny Go' and you didn't even win a record — just an audition — but the local studio was impressed with us, enough to release a record and it sold 285 copies and became number eight in Beaumont, Texas."

Johnny struggled in Texas for almost ten years after that, forming and breaking up a number of bands — always on the verge of success — signed to small obscure Texas labels, and mostly playing the hits of the times in bars. In 1962 Johnny had gone to Chicago "to meet the blues cats cause I'd been a blues freak ever since I was 12 years old. I had a friend working in a record store and he let me hang out and play the guitar there one day, and by the evening I'd gotten three or four offers and took the best one."

The "best offer" was playing for a band "that was into copying Bobby Rydell and Bobby Vee. We had a drummer who could stand and smile for hours — he couldn't play but that wasn't important. We were playing a Twist club and had to play non-stop twist because the waitresses had to hustle guys but weren't allowed to touch them.

"I met Mike Bloomfield and Barry Goldberg and Harvey Mandel and some other Chicago musicians but I couldn't stand playing the twist all the time so I went back to Texas where Edgar was trying to make it with a jazz band. Can you imagine it?" laughs Johnny, "trying to make it with a jazz band in Texas in the early sixties? Obviously, they weren't making any money and they needed a singer and emcee, so I did that for awhile."

Johnny was always the practical show biz rock and roller — always strong enough to go out and make a dollar any way he had to with his music — while Edgar was always the more musically educated and sophisticated but hopelessly uncommercial in his approach. For a long time they helped each other survive — Johnny supplying the drive and charisma while Edgar patiently rehearsed the bands and kept the music as together as possible. Now when Johnny talks about Edgar he has more pride than envy that his "baby brother" has actually been able to make it.

"Finally I noticed that Eric Clapton was making it really big and I thought that there must be an audience for what I was doing and a way for me to make it too, but the problem was how to do it in Texas. A friend of mine who played bass said to me, 'You're a really great lead guitarist' and I said 'Yeah, I'm a really great lead guitarist, so what?' and he said we should start playing a different kind of music and see where we could go with it."

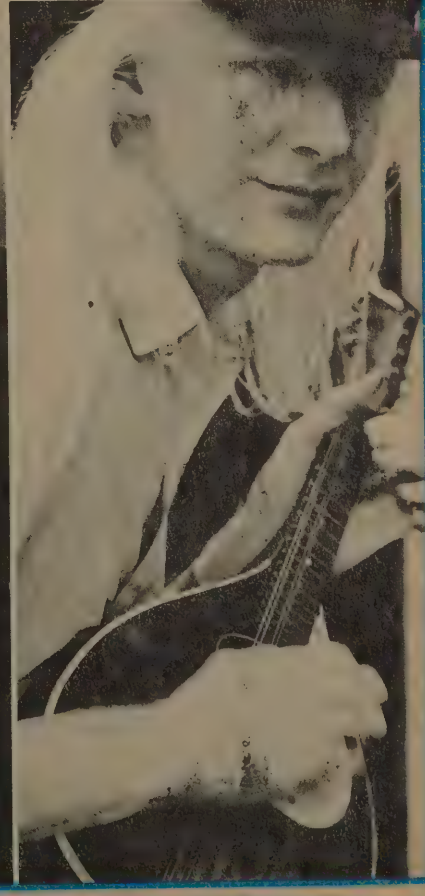
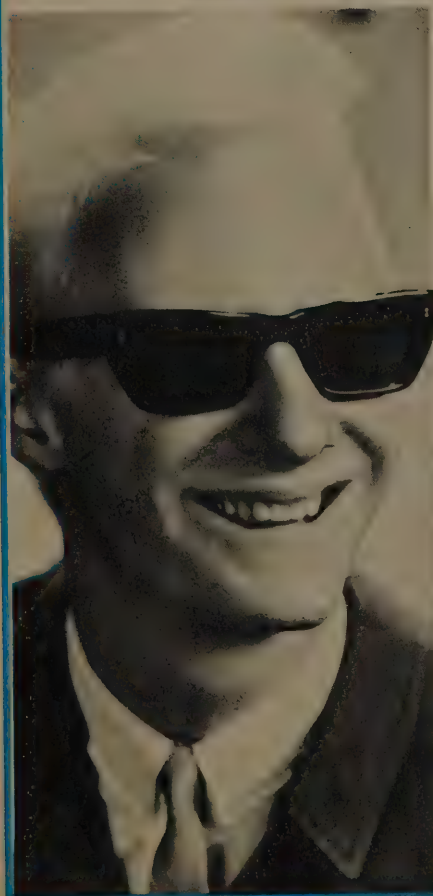
The different kind was untrained Johnny — doing the lightning blues and rock licks that later would make him a legend. "We cleared places out, man," Johnny remembers — "Rollin' And Tumblin'" would usually do it — we'd start that and everyone would just get up and leave." Johnny, who was strange looking from birth with his albino white skin, white hair and pink eyes, had grown his hair long since the Beatles had made it, "but I never thought of myself as a hippie. But finally we'd been kicked out of all the other clubs and a hippie place in Houston called The Love Street Light Circus and Feel Good Machine offered us a job for \$5 a night and we had no other offers."

Just as much as the rest of Texas hated Johnny's psychedelic playing — the "Hippie places" loved it, and he developed a strong reputation as the leading Texas rock guitarist —

which led to his being included in a story in Rolling Stone, which in turn led to many offers from the music business especially Steve Paul.

According to Johnny, the article led to dozens of offers and Steve was merely one of them. "I couldn't believe how persistent Steve was

though — he was really obnoxious. He called my parents, he called me in restaurants, in record stores that I just walked into for a minute — I





would fly into San Francisco, and when I checked into the hotel there would be a message from him. I don't know how he even got these numbers.

"But I had promised him that I

wouldn't make a deal with anyone until I talked to him and he flew me to New York. I almost hated him when I got there because he had been calling me every day — but he made sure

everybody important in New York heard me play and got some really nice offers." Johnny and Steve have had an intense love-hate relationship

(continued on page 60)



Edgar Winter (L) at 6 and Johnny Winter at 9, with ukuleles.



An early bird.



B.B. King (center) with Johnny Winter (second from left) and Edgar Winter (second from right).



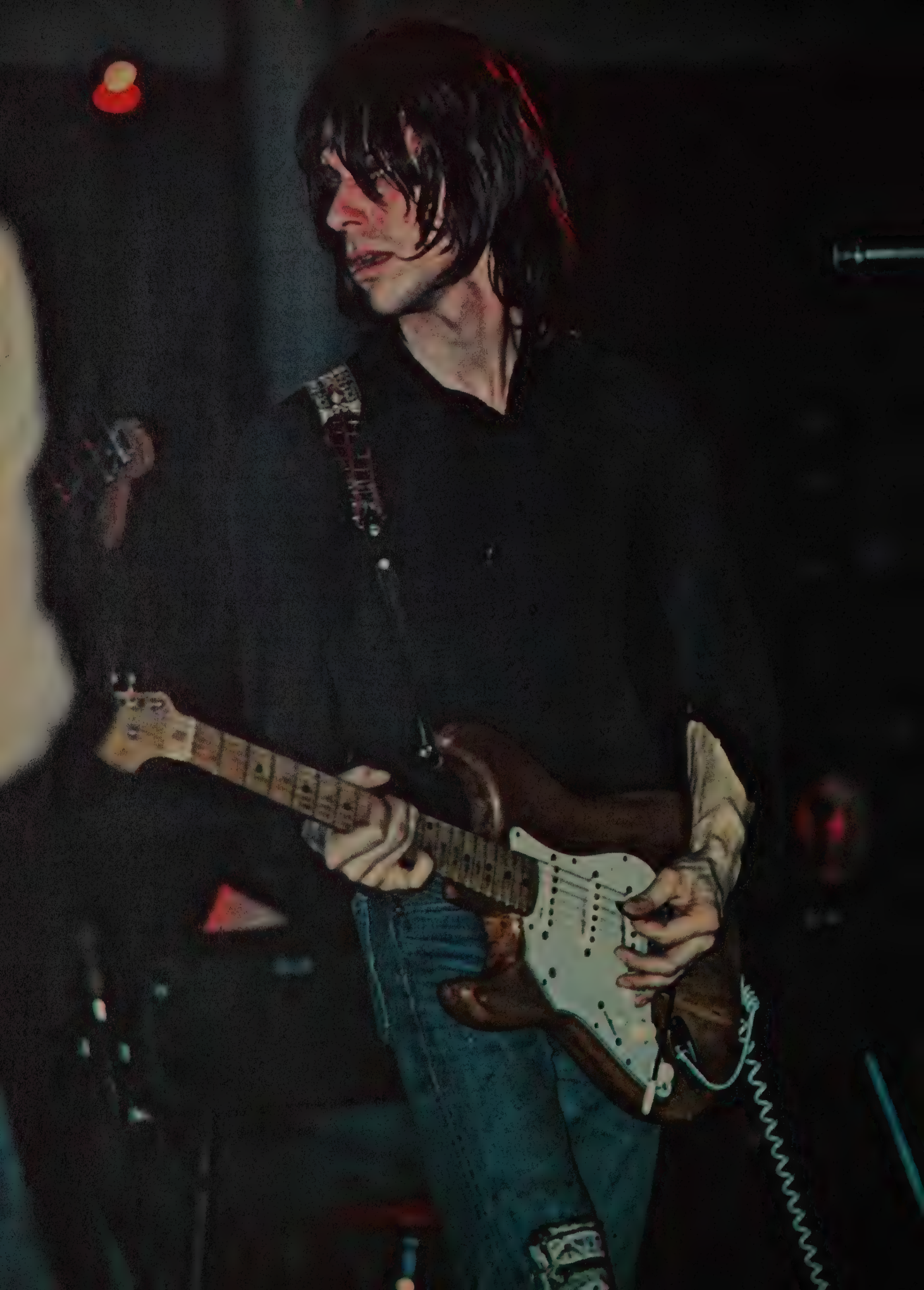
Johnny Winter and Tex Ritter after a recording session.



L to R, Johnny Winter, Steven Stills and Jimi Hendrix at Steve Paul's Scene.



Johnny with Janis Joplin.



ERIC CLAPTON/JEFF BECK/JIMMY PAGE

Three Styles Of British Rock Guitar

By Jean-Charles Costa

Although it has been discussed countless times and from every possible angle, the fact that one group, the Yardbirds, produced the three most brilliant and innovative guitarists of the sixties British rock explosion is one of those amazing coincidences that will continue to boggle the minds of hard-core rock devotees for years to come. Stylistically, all three of these men came out of the blues mold — the manner in which each one managed to carve a distinctive and lasting style out of a combination of talent, invention, and technology is all the more amazing when one considers the fairly rigid I-IV-V parameters of blues guitar technique.

Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, and Jimmy Page not only brought the lead guitar into a virtually unchallenged (up until a few years ago) position as focal point of contemporary music in terms of musical presence, sexual symbology, and raw sound embodiment of the high-energy shrieking sixties, they laid down the basic ground rules both explicit and implicit that are still being followed in varying degrees by every young guitar player who steps out on a stage. Nowadays, with every sold out concert tour they make, all three manage to continually re-affirm their excellence with the original fans who are now pushing thirty while easily winning over new admirers from subsequent generations through a combination of polish, drive, and yes ... good taste.

Eric Clapton was the first to join the Yardbirds (after a few tentative stabs with groups like the Roosters) and the first to push on into other musical regions. Unlike Beck and Page, he left the group because of a desire to return to a more "genuine" blues format. The story is probably somewhat apocryphal, but legend has it that he spent a year sequestered in a room of a friend's apartment sharpening up an already phenomenal technique. From there he hooked up with John Mayall and his Bluesbreakers.

The result was one of the very best British blues albums, *John Mayall's Bluesbreakers With Eric Clapton*, wherein Clapton took an old Gibson "Les Paul" and literally attacked a series of blues originals by people like Freddie King and Robert Johnson — building some sizzling and perfectly balanced solos distinguished by a pure bell-like tone and an intuitive touch and sense of phrasing that very few modern bluesmen have even come close to.

Every time he hit a note it seemed that particular note was the only one that could've possibly been played, each phrase had an inner logic and emotion that comes from a very special kind of genius such as his. Although many of the fans didn't begin to catch on until Cream, this was the album that established him as the "man" with his peers and a few perceptive musical cognoscenti, a reputation that remains unfazed even after ten years of onslaught from a multitude of "hot licks" pretenders to the throne. The only players who've really made a dent are people like John McLaughlin and Jan Akkerman, whose abundant skills extend into jazz and classical forms.

From time to time, Eric would occasionally

record some things with Jimmy Page, a few of which eventually turned up on some British Blues Anthology albums. Page generally handled the rhythm chores, pushing tunes like "Choker" along at a frenetic pace while Clapton put in the leads over the top with that characteristically delicate touch. Jimmy's leads were always distinguishable due to their amazing rapidity and experimental directions, somehow both styles managed to co-exist quite well despite some basic philosophical differences about the instrument that were to become more pronounced in later years.

After Mayall, Clapton became an integral part of Cream and his many talents were brought into the center ring. Whether or not it was a conscious move on his part to go for the big time or the momentum created by his own talent is still open to question, whatever the case his reputation spread to both sides of the Atlantic as premier guitarist in the field. Joining forces with Jack Bruce (bass) and Ginger Baker (percussion), he formed a group that started at the top and stayed there. Playing a Gibson "Standard" covered with hand painted psychedelia through a series of Marshall amps, he created a mass of improvisational electronic sound that was a logical extension of the standard rock-blues forms.

Partly due to the tremendous on-stage competition with the two other virtuosos in the group and his own commitment to "power trio" format, Clapton could sustain twenty-minute solos with little difficulty, constantly coming up with fresh variations on standard chord progressions. He also took more vocal parts, his haunted and almost tentative singing providing a curious but compelling juxtaposition to the slashing lead guitar. Unfortunately, the very intra-group competition that drove the group to such highs eventually led to their destruction, and once again Eric moved on.

Following a semi-successful one album stopover with Blind Faith and some occasional guest shots with John Lennon's Plastic Ono Band he eventually re-emerged with a whole new guitar style and outlook in Delaney, Bonnie and Friends. Swept up in the irresistible tide of good vibes and enthusiasm generated by these talented, down-home southern rockers, Clapton made a conscious return to basic rock and roll with an increased emphasis on vocals. Playing a beat-up but beautiful sounding old Fender Stratocaster, he cut down the long solos, opting for the traditional short fills and powerful rhythm back-up of classic rock n' roll guitar.

He carried this tendency right on into his first solo album, *Eric Clapton*, which also marked the first real flowering of his songwriting abilities. All of these directions eventually dovetailed smoothly into his single most perfect work, the classic double LP set, *Layla*. As part of Derek and the Dominoes along with Carl Radle (bass), Jim Gordon (drums), and Bobby Whitlock (keyboards, vocals), Clapton's playing reached its most refined levels spurred on by Duane Allmans superb slide and second lead playing.

Coincidentally, his singing and songwriting also peaked at the same time resulting in a studio effort that is one of the landmark efforts of the last decade. Although out of the limelight for the last few years, he is set to tour America this summer with a new album just finished at Miami's Criteria Studios and most guitar maniacs are eagerly looking forward to his latest musical incarnation. Judging from his already illustrious career, they have every reason to be hopeful.

The void left by Clapton's departure from the Yardbirds was quick to be filled by the irrepressible Jeff Beck. Although Jimmy Page was originally the first choice for replacement, reasons of health and a lucrative career as a session man caused him to pass. He did recommend Beck, however, and Jeff jumped at the chance.

As it turned out, Jimmy and Jeff were childhood friends and had learned to play the guitar together, so who could be more qualified to recommend him for the job? At that time Beck was scraping to make ends meet and he warmed to the task of lead guitarist for the Yardbirds right away. Unlike Clapton, Beck was more of a pure rock guitarist with strong experimental tendencies and a great sense of understated humour in his playing. Using a unique (for that time in England) Fender Telecaster with a maple neck and a black pick-guard, he mastered distortion early on and managed to wrench an amazing array of sounds from the instrument.

There is even a story that he used to string his guitar with piano wire to get a distinctive, bizarre sound out of it. Beck was the master of the unconventional lick, the one who could reach up and down the fingerboard for peculiar clusters of notes and usually manage to make it work. On-stage he was much more demonstrative than Clapton, learning how to use his body and guitar in just the right series of subtly suggestive combinations to give the ladies in the audience that special buzz.

With the Yardbirds he created quite a few classic moments, most notably on tunes like "Train Kept A Rollin'" where he would start out of the basic blues-rock framework and then launch into a distorted solo that would skirt the edges of musical chaos (called a "rave-up" appropriately enough), sliding back into formal phrasing just in time for the ride into the chorus. After a while he was joined by Jimmy Page, and the two created a stunning dual lead-guitar combo — building montages of pure electronic sound and fury that reflected the smoldering intensity of their personalities (see Antonioni's "Blow Up" for graphic delineation of same).

Conflicts with lead singer Keith Relf soon led Beck to seek new avenues of self-expression and, quite naturally, he decided to form his own group. With Rod Stewart on lead vocals, Ron Wood on bass, and Mick Waller on drums he had the makings of the archetypal British hard rock group, only internal hassles and Jeff's personal problems prevented the band from dominating the entire scene, talent was obviously no problem. By this time Jeff



had switched over to an old sunburst "Les Paul", and he used to play it slung low over bare shoulders and chest with white suspenders holding up skin tight jeans.

Like Page, he excelled at writing tunes based on throbbing principal riffs and he would throw in different accents in strange places to lighten the overall feel, occasionally interjective bits from standards like "Strangers In The Night" for a giggle and to make sure people were paying attention. Sometimes it almost seemed that he was parodying the "stud" lead guitar player syndrome which he had helped to create. Another standard bit was the exchange or "call and response" of lead phrases with Stewart, each trying to trip the other up. The overall image that Beck projected in terms of music and stagecraft was "excitement", a characteristic he has been able to maintain almost effortlessly throughout his career.

After the break-up of the Jeff Beck Group, Jeff disappeared for awhile only to re-emerge with a somewhat peculiar rock/jazz band that dabbled in Motown and (God Forbid!) occasional ballads. He was now playing a "Strat" and going for a much lighter and mellower sound. Although well intended, this particular band never got off the ground - which leads us up to his current formation — Beck, Bogert, and Appice. Jeff had admired the sundry talents of Carmine and Tim for quite some time and when the moment was propitious they finally got together.

With their stalwart rhythm section support, Jeff could be free to return to the appropriate hard rock material that is much more suited to his playing. Switching back to a black and white "Les Paul" he has reverted back to the powerful original style that brought him to the

fore-front in the first place. In a recent interview he downgraded his playing a bit by commenting that he has never really worked to extend his technique into the realms that John McLaughlin is exploring, but for those who have enjoyed the sheer pleasure of "Flash" guitar as embodied by Jeff Beck over the years, it makes no difference. He is truly one of a kind.

When you get right down to it, Jimmy Page was the only one of the three who didn't even need the Yardbirds as a launching pad. He was in great demand as ace rock session guitar man in England, having created some memorable moments on early Kinks records and on tunes like Donovan's "Hurdy Gurdy Man" with that fabulous drone/buzz distortion accentuating the hypnotic mood of the song. Because of his impeccable technique and taste coupled with the most radical use of the electric possibilities of the guitar, he made his presence felt immediately with the Yardbirds.

He continued the "power-lead" tradition while adding on a whole new dimension of electronic effects that his predecessors hadn't even thought of. When the group finally broke up for good, Page made the transition to his own group with little strain. Joining forces with Robert Plant, John Bonham, and John Paul Jones, he formed Led Zeppelin and made the group into the kind of world-wide dominant force that Beck had attempted but not quite realized.

Zep took the basic blues and rock forms and pushed them to their penultimate limits, creating a fusion of emotion and technology that was simply unheard of at the time. Playing a "Les Paul" through massive amplification, Page started things like bowing the guitar with

a violin box — a technique that brought forth deep, unearthly groans and screams from the instrument. When these were put in counterpoint to Plant's soaring vocals the general effect was shattering.

Jimmy is also the acknowledged master of the basic rock "riff". From "How Many More Times" to "Communication Breakdown" and on to more recent goodies like "Black Dog" with its odd, slightly out of sync meter, he has continued to propel his melodies with incendiary bass note figures that are un-matched in modern music. But it's not just heavy stuff either — songs like "Misty Mountain Hop" and the Fm radio staple, "Stairway To Heaven" show the delicate acoustic side of his playing. (In passing I would like to add that the lead guitar solo at the end of "Stairway" is probably one of the most perfect examples of rock guitar playing ever). Jimmy also pioneered the re-discovery of the double neck (6 and 12 string) Gibson, using the majestic chime sound of the twelve string neck for rhythm and the six string for those thick, full solo notes.

Houses Of The Holy provides the best example of how the double-neck can best be used in rock. Perhaps the most amazing thing of all is that Page can re-create all of his patented studio guitar "avenues of sound" on stage. And it's not just a question of technology, it's something called "chops". Of the three great players discussed in this piece, Page is the one who will probably stretch his musical horizons the furthest. He has mastered all of the extant forms, souping them up with his own particular distillation of feeling and electricity, and one must assume that he has nowhere to go but further out and up. □



RICK WAKEMAN LEAVES YES



People who had been following Rick Wakeman's career recently really weren't all that surprised when he announced (almost at the moment that his solo lp, "Journey to the Center of the Earth" was Number One on the British charts and rising meterorically in the States) that he would leave Yes to pursue his solo thing. Talking casually in the New York offices of A & M Records, Rick explained his reasons. "It's a long story and a short story rolled into one. Basically, when we started doing "Topographic Oceans", it became obvious that this was an lp that the band wasn't totally involved with. It really was Steve and John rather than the rest of the band. It was the first time that

that had happened, and while that's not necessarily a bad thing - sometimes individual people can come up with ideas that can produce a good album - but it was an album which took a long time and was one I was never really happy with."

"I don't think we played it half as well when we took it on the road as we could have done, because the band is capable of doing some amazing things. Anyway, after my 'Journey' lp started doing so well, and I was faced with the prospect of continuing to tour with Yes, I realized I couldn't tour with them and do a new album with them and also be able to take 'Journey' on the road - which I definitely wanted to."

"I also wasn't happy with the way we were presenting the concerts on stage," Rick continued, "it's a personal view, but an important view. Because if one person isn't happy and the other four want to do one thing, well, ... it makes for unrest in the camp, it's not good for the music."

See - I like me drink, I like mucking about, I like having a good living - and sometimes when you're outside of the music ... well, it's difficult for somebody to take you seriously. And so if you say to them, 'listen, I think we ought to do it this way,' and they say - "well, you're the one who's going too fast". I just think that Yes has veered off the path they were on a bit, and with me in the band it would have veered off even more and ruined some good music.

In the long run it will obviously be the best for them - because whoever they'll bring in now - they'll have to pull it all together, it will bring them back on to the path, and they'll make some really good music. And it undoubtedly will be the best thing for me, I'll be a hell of a lot happier. I'm not saying I've been miserable with the band, when you add it all up, I've had a great time. The thing now is it's all going to the music. The music has got to stand up. All the way along the line - if it's something I do of something the band does, it's got to be down to the music and nothing else."□ (We'll have a longer feature, with exclusive color photos of Rick Wakeman, next issue of Hit Parader.)

BOWIE TOUR A SMASH



David Bowie, who once said he didn't want to tour again, certainly changed his mind. He's been traveling to almost a different city every night for the past few months - and will resume a West Coast run in September. Starting off in Toronto, with special gigs in New York's Madison Square Garden (two of them), David has an all-new show. Featuring much of the material from the recent hit "Diamond Dogs" lp as well as some of his earlier material, the most significant aspect of this show is the fact that Bowie has attempted a more theatrical presentation.

Aided by stage designer Jules Fisher ("Ulysses in Nighttown") and choreographer Tony Basil, David uses a set that resembles a city, has two dancers, and a variety of mechanical devices to move him about. One - a hydraulic boom, takes him clear over the heads of the

audience, another is a bridge that goes up and down, and yet another is a huge art deco "diamond"/spaceship that opens up to reveal top-to-bottom tubular black lights. It's an amazing show.

The band - Michael Kamen on organ and musical director, Earl Slick-guitar, Herbie Flowers-bass, Tony Newman-drums, Mike Garson - keyboards, Richie Dharma-percussion, and other horn players - are all off to the side of the stage, and occasionally hidden from the audience. It's David's show all the way, as he prances about in little red, maryjane ballet slippers. (What's going to happen to the platform shoe industry now??) No more outrageous costumes, makeup, etc. - it's rock and roll theater but the visuals are no longer centered on David; rather the set resembles a Broadway production. The music though - is fairly straight ahead, powerful rock and roll.□

JOHN CAYLE / NICO / ENO

In RAINBOW CONCERT

An 'incredible concert took place at London's Rainbow Theater on Saturday, June 1st, 1974. With the assistance of Island Records' A & R chief Richard Williams (who recently signed Nico to that label), Island artists Kevin Ayers, Eno, John Cale and Nico all took part in a concert. The concert was recorded and will be titled (what else?) "June 1, 1974". One side of the lp will be all Kevin Ayers - the other side will be the others. Included will be Eno's amazing version of "Driving Me Backwards", with Robert Wyatt supplying percussion, Kevin Ayers on bass, and John Cale on violin.

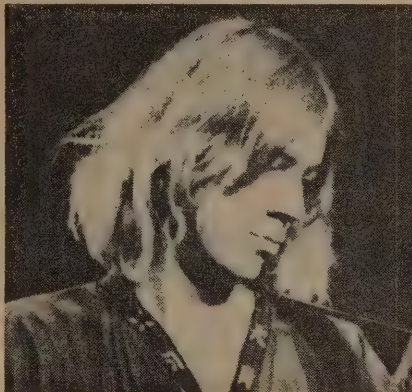
Nico sang "Deutschland Uber Alles" (not recorded), and a version of Jim Morrison's "The End" which will be on the lp. Cale did "Buffalo Ballet" from his forthcoming lp (that one produced in association with Eno and Phil Manzanera), as well as a menacing version of "Heartbreak Hotel", singing the Presley standard at half-speed, appearing as if he would explode any minute. Eno also performed his great "Baby's On Fire", Kevin Ayers contribution to the lp will be "May I", "Stranger in Blue Suede Shoes", "Two Goes Into Four" and "Everybody's Sometimes and Some People's All The Time Blues". The evening was originally to have been videotaped, but wasn't; there is no word yet as to when the lp will be available in the States. □



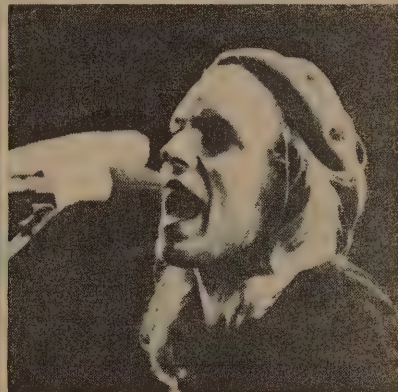
John Cale. June 1, 1974.



Nico. June 1, 1974.



Kevin Ayers. June 1, 1974.



Eno. June 1, 1974



Singing "Space Oddity", Bowie rides high above the audience.



Bowie on the bridge — wearing a very "39 Steps" trenchcoat and singing "Sweet Thing".



Bowie gets tied up in "Diamond Dogs"



It's a new look for Bowie ... hair is longer and fluffier, no more bizarre makeup, a simple suit and sweater, and maryjane shoes!



David sings "Cracked Actor" holding a skull and wearing dark glasses...



Bowie has a bit of fun with the microphone...

SONG INDEX

58/Already Gone

52/Annie's Song

55/Best Time Of My Life, The

47/Choosing Up On You

48/Don't Let The Sun Go Down
On Me

48/Feel Like Makin' Love

48/Good Things Don't Last
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52/I'm The Leader Of The
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46/Kung Fu

49/Living In The U.S.A.

54/Love Train

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47/Put Out The Light

49/Rebel, Rebel

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Crazy

55/Train Of Thought

49/Who Are You

55/Workin' At The Carwash
Blues

47/You And Me Against The
World

KUNG FU

(As recorded by Curtis Mayfield)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Our days have come, dark days of night
Don't put yourself in solitude
Who can I trust with my life?
When people tend to be so rude
My mama borned me in a ghetto
There was no mattress for my head
But no!

She couldn't call me "Jesus"
"I wasn't white enough" she said.

And then she named me "Kung Fu"
Don't have to explain it
Kung Fu

Don't know how you'll take it
Kung Fu

I'm just tryin' to make it
Kung Fu.

I've got some babies and some sisters
My brother worked for Uncle Sam
It's just a shame
Ain't it Mister
We being brothers of the damned
With good lovin' brings about a
difference

You are my love, I do believe
Shall we join hands for tomorrow

"Don't carry nothing up your sleeve".

"Keep your head high", Kung Fu

"I will till I die", Kung Fu

"Don't be too intense", Kung Fu

"Keep your common sense", Kung Fu.

Don't mistake life for a secret
There is no secret part of you
You bet your life if you think wicked
Someone is thinking wicked too.
(Repeat Chorus)

Our days have come
Dark days of night
Don't put yourself in solitude
Who can I trust with my life?
When people tend to be so rude!

My mama borned me in a ghetto
There was no mattress for my head
But no!

She couldn't call me "Jesus"
"I wasn't white enough", she said.

And then she named me "Kung Fu"
"Don't have to explain it", "Kung Fu"
"Don't know how you'll take it", "Kung
Fu"

"I'm just trying to make it", "Kung Fu."

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SHININ' ON

(As recorded by Grand Funk Railroad)

M. FARNER

D. BREWER

We are winners and losers
Bed fellow choosers
Put here to pass by the times
We are space age sailors
All had our failures
Now ev'rybody gonna shine

Keep it shinin' on.
Keep it shinin' on.

See the fire within me burnin'
Touch the fire, makes me feel so fine
Keep the fire within you livin'
Ev'rybody gonna shine, shine, shine,

Keep it shinin' on
Keep it shinin' on
Keep it shinin' on
Keep it shinin'
Keep it shinin'
Keep it shinin' on.

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IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN

(As recorded by Ozark Mountain Daredevils)

STEVE CASH
JOHN DILLON

I never read it in a book
I never saw it on a show
But I heard it in the alley on a weird radio
If you wanna drink of water
You got to get it from a well
If you wanna get to heaven, you got to raise a little hell.

I never felt it in my feet
I never felt it in my soul

But I heard it in the alley now it's in my rock and roll
If you wanna know a secret
You got to promise not to tell
If you wanna get to heaven, you got to raise a little hell.

I never thought it'd be so easy
I never thought it'd be so fun
But I heard it in the alley now I've got it on the run
If you wanna see an angel, you got to find it where it fell
If you wanna get to heaven, you got to raise a little hell
If you wanna get to heaven
If you wanna get to heaven.

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YOU AND ME AGAINST THE WORLD

(As recorded by Helen Reddy)

PAUL WILLIAMS
KEN ASCHER

You and me against the world
Sometimes it feels like you and me against the world
When all the others turn their back and walk away
You can count on me to stay
Remember when the circus came to town and you were frightened by the clown
Wasn't it nice to be around someone that you knew
Someone who was big and strong and lookin' out for you and me against the world
Sometimes it feels like you and me against the world.

And for all the times we've cried
I always felt the odds were on our side

And when one of us is gone
And one is left alone to carry on
Well then remembering will have to do
Our memories alone will get us through
Think about the days of me and you
Of you and me against the world.

Life can be a circus
They under pay and over work us
And though we seldom get our due
When each day is through
I bring my tired body home and look around for you and me against the world
Sometimes it feels like you and me against the world
And for all the times we've cried
I always felt that God was on our side
And when one of us is gone
And one is left alone to carry on
Well then remembering will have to do
Our memories alone will get us through
Think about the days of me and you
Of you and me against the world.

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PUT OUT THE LIGHT

(As recorded by Joe Cocker)

DANIEL MOORE

Why should I worry when I know you're lovin' me
Why should I care when there's joy everywhere
Why can't I see the beauty of the light
When somebody I trusted, somebody I knew quite well
Somebody I loved done reached up and put out the light.

Put out the light
Turned the day into night
Put out the light

Turned the day into night.

I got this little melody
I think it's makin' it blue on me
Then I hear the symphony
And that's what I get and that's what's been takin' out the best of me.

Why should I hurry when I do the best I can
Do what I do and I hope you understand
Why can't I see the beauty of the light
When somebody I trusted, somebody I knew quite well
Somebody I loved done reached up and put out the light.

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CHOOSING UP ON YOU

(As recorded by The Dramatics)

TONY HESTER

You've got what I like baby
You know I'm crazy about you
Give it up so I can get it right now
Don't let me walk away without it hey.

Choosing up on you girl
You're the only one for me it's true
I'm choosing up on you girl
My first, last and only choice is you
I'll never make you blue
I'll treat you right
Give all my love to you each and every night.

I've got many fine girls to choose from
Them I shall refrain if you would only surrender your love to me baby
Don't let me walk away in vain.

I can get a thrill any where I can get a thrill
But when it comes to satisfaction
You're the star of the show
You're the main attraction.

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THAT SONG IS DRIVING ME CRAZY

(As recorded by Tom T. Hall)

TOM T. HALL

That song is a driving me crazy
I gotta hear it again
First time I heard it I was with some friends
It's a simple little song you can sing along
With an old time melody
So would you play that crazy little song again for me.

I love that part about break my heart
And baby please come home
And I love that line about hurtin' my mind
And my beer ain't got no foam.

(Repeat chorus)

You sing high and I'll sing low
Everybody sing along
But everybody quit while I get my kicks
Singing bring that boogie home.

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THE NIGHT CHICAGO DIED

(As recorded by Paper Lace)

MITCH MURRAY
PETER CALLANDER

Daddy was a cop on the east side of
Chicago back in the U.S.A.
Back in the bad old days.

In the heat of a summer night in the
land of the dollar bill
When the town of Chicago died
And they talk about it still when a man
named Al Capone tried to make that
town his own
And he called his gang to war with the
forces of the law.

I heard my Mama cry
I heard her pray the night Chicago died
Brother what a night it really was
Brother what a fight it really was
Glory be I heard my Mama cry
I heard her pray the night Chicago died
Brother what a night the people saw
Brother what a fight the people saw
Yes indeed.

And the sound of the battle rang
through the streets of the old east side
Till the last of the hoodlum gang had
surrendered up or died
There was shouting in the street and the
sound of running feet
And I asked someone who said "Bout a
hundred cops are dead".
(Repeat chorus)

Then there was no sound at all but the
clock upon the wall
Then the door burst open wide and my
Daddy stepped inside and he kissed my
Mama's face
And he brushed her tears away the
night Chicago died.
(Repeat chorus)

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GOOD THINGS DON'T LAST FOREVER

(As recorded by Ecstasy, Passion & Pain)

NORMAN HARRIS
ALAN FELDER
BUNNY SIGLER

I remember how close we used to be just
you and me
But I found out that you were using me,
abusing me, confusing me
I used to be so blind now I see you never
wanted me
Now you're out there all alone looking
for a home
Leave me alone.

Good things don't last forever
Good things don't last forever
I won't be your good thing no more
Good things don't last forever.

It's the end of the line here's where it
stops
You broke my heart
There was nothing on earth too good for
you
What did you do you blew it
Though I gave you ev'rything that I
owned you treated me so bad
Now you don't want me no more
Just walk out that door, leave me alone.
(Repeat chorus)

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FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE

(As recorded by Roberta Flack)

EUGENE McDANIELS

Strollin' in the park watchin' winter
turn to spring
Walkin' in the dark seein' lovers do their
thing
That's the time I feel like makin' love to
you
That's the time I feel like makin' dreams
come true, oh baby.

In a restaurant holdin' hands by can-
dlelight
While I'm touchin' you wanting you
with all my might

That's the time I feel like makin' love to
you
That's the time I feel like makin' dreams
come true, oh baby.
When you talk to me when you're
moanin' sweet and low
When you're touchin' me and my
feelings start to show
That's the time I feel like makin' love to
you
That's the time I feel like makin' dreams
come true, oh baby.

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DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON ME

(As recorded by Elton John)

ELTON JOHN
BERNIE TAUPIN

I can't light no more of your darkness
All my pictures seem to fade to black
and white
I'm growing tired and time stands still
before me
Frozen here on the ladder of my life
Too late to save myself from falling
I took a chance and changed your way
of life
But you misread my meaning when I
met you
Closed the door and left me blinded by
the light.

Don't let the sun go down on me
Although I search myself it's always
someone else I see
I'd just allow a fragment of your life to
wander free

But losing ev'rything is like the sun go-
ing down on me.

I can't find oh the right romantic line
But see me once and see the way I feel
Don't discard me just because you think
I mean you harm
But these cuts I have oh they need love
to help them heal.

Don't let the sun go down on me
Although I search myself it's always
someone else I see
I'd just allow a fragment of your life to
wander free
But losing ev'rything is like the sun go-
ing down on me.

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WHO ARE YOU?

(As recorded by B.B. King)

DAVE CRAWFORD
HORACE JOHNSON

We've met before in the same room of
my imagination
And it gets so hard to deal with abstract
temptation
Yesterday in my mind you were here
but now we've parted
You need to come on back and finish
what we've started
I need to know who are you
And where did you come from
Who're you gonna give yourself to and
what are your plans?
Who are you and where are you going
Will you give yourself to me or some

other man.
You started what I thought you
intended to finish
You were right here yesterday but to-
day you have vanished
When I woke up something told me that
I had been used
But I like it, and when I couldn't find
you, Lord, it gave me the blues
Now I really need to know
Who are you and where did you come
from
Who're you gonna give yourself to and
what are your plans?
Who are you and where are you going
Will you give yourself to me or some
other man
Who are you baby.

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LIVING IN THE U.S.A.

(As recorded by Steve Miller Band)

STEVE MILLER

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Living in the U.S.A.
Where are you going to, what are you
gonna do?
Do you think that it will easy
Do you think that it will be pleasin'?
Hey hey
Stand back!
What'd you say?
Stand back!
I won't pay
Stand back!
I'd rather play
Stand back!
It's my freedom yeah, don't worry 'bout
me babe
I've got to be free babe
Hey hey hey yeah.

Stand back!
Dietician!
Stand back!
Television!
Stand back!
Politician!
Stand back!
Mortician!
Oh we got to get away, a-living in the
U.S.A.
Come on babe
See a yellow man, a brown man, white
man, a red man looking for Uncle Sam
to give you a helping hand
But ev'rybody's kicking sand even
politicians
We're living in a plastic land
Somebody give me a hand yeah
Oh we're gonna make it, baby
Yeah we've got to shake it, baby
Yeah don't break it, yeah, yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Living in the U.S.A.

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REBEL, REBEL

(As recorded by David Bowie)

DAVID BOWIE

Get your mother in a whirl
She's not sure if you're a boy or a girl
Hey babe, your hair's alright
Hey babe, let's go out tonight
Hey babe, let's stay out tonight
You like me and I like it all
We like dancing and we look divine
You love bands when they play it hard
You want more and you want it fast
Put you down and say I'm wrong
You tacky thing you put them on.

Rebel, rebel how could they know
Hot tramp I love you so.
You've torn your dress
Your face is a mess
You can't get enough but it don't fake
the test
You've got your transmission and a live
wire
You've got your cue lines and a handful
of ludes
You wanna be there when they count
up the dues
And I love your dress
You're a juvenile success
Because your face is a mess
So how could they know
I said, how could they know.

Rebel, rebel you've torn your dress
Rebel, rebel your face is a mess

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THE EARLY STONES: A Reminiscence

By David Silver



A Saturday afternoon in Richmond, South London, in 1963. "The Richmond Jazz Festival". Instead of seeing much jazz, I saw the Stones for the very first time in an enormous circus tent. I was drawn to the tent, away from the jazz, because the tent was actually moving and I wanted to know why. My brother and I innocently strolled over to the jumping tent and went inside to witness ninety minutes of pure primal Rolling Stones. They were amazing, I didn't know who they were, and I didn't even care. The last time I'd felt as ALIVE as this was when I first heard Little Richard's "Long Tall Sally" blast out of Radio Luxembourg in 1957. The Stones came as just a surprise to me six years later. I lived in the Midlands and nobody seemed to know about the Stones there. They were complete IDOLS in South London however, and the raving blues-drunk audience in that tent was as astonishing to me as were the

Stones.

I thought my hair was long but I was wrong. Everybody there, most noticeably Keith and Brian, had genuinely *outrageous* hair. The music was easily the most exciting thing I'd ever heard. Great clanging Cuck Berry chords, stinging little Keith Richard riffs, and a stomping Bo Diddley beat. Everybody, my brother and I included, was ecstatic. It was literally hard to believe one's ears, for this was an ENGLISH band and yet sounded so utterly American and black. No messing about; the real thing. To be honest, I was so absorbed in the music that I didn't even really notice Mick Jagger.

The sound was so tight, hard, and together, that it was impossible to watch any one of them at a time. They all wore black leather waistcoats (vests) and they were the thinnest group of people I'd ever seen together at one time. The thing I liked most was the unslick - yet truly cool

way they looked on stage. Mick and Brian moved around a lot even then, but there was nothing melodramatic about it. The way they played American rhythm and blues music was so loud yet perfect; lead guitar breaks that jabbed at you, booming giant bass lines and hot little harp bits ... undoubtedly the best music I'd ever heard.

It wasn't until the Stones' "I Wanna Be Your Man" (the song John Lennon and Paul McCartney wrote especially for them) was a big hit, that my friends in Birmingham paid any serious attention to my enthused outbursts about this band that I'd stumbled onto in a tent in refined Richmond. Suddenly, happily, rhythm and blues broke through in staid old England. The Stones were on television, and the legendary Cyril Davies Rhythm and Blues All Stars (Mick and Charlie had recently left this band and become Stones) toured the country playing roaring electrified Delta and Chicago blues.

The Yardbirds, with Eric Clapton, were knocking everyone out with their brand of upbeat r&b, and the Marquee Club in London showcased the Stones, the Animals, Manfred Mann, and Spencer Davies with Stevie Winwood. What a time. Charisma radiated from these bands, especially the Stones. They did a real snakey song called "I'm Your King Bee" with a lean guitar, and then I remember seeing this great raunchy blues band called the King Bees.

Weirder bands were also playing to Stonestype audiences; I saw the Pretty Things with the far-gone Phil May perform in Brighton one weekend and realized that the music and the LOOK went even further than the Stones. In those days most people were completely freaked by hair, say, the length of your average 1974 newscaster ... it just is not possible to describe people's reactions to the Pretty Things.

There was of course vast disapproval of the Stones and the media made them out to be dangerous and dirty; - a menace. That wasn't important to the followers at the time, their music was enough. For some eternally mysterious reason, their music and vibration was EXACTLY where you wanted to be then, they energized the entire island.

The Stones would appear on the TV show "Ready Steady Go", where the TV studio was pretty much like a night club and the bands played on raised stages

above a packed crowd of assorted London ravers. Everyone was dancing, talking, or wandering about while the Animals, Manfred Mann, Marianne Faithfull, Donovan, or, (deep down inside, everybody's favorite) the Kinks, were playing. They had competition for amateur rock and roll bands occasionally, and one week I remember Brian Jones was the judge. And then, the four (by now quite fabulous) Beatles made up the whole panel for "Juke Box Jury" and judged and rated other group's records. The Stones did the show once again and outraged a few million older-guard Englishmen with their sinister approach.

It was beyond our wildest rock dreams that the Stones would make it in the States. When that happened, it made it all that much more intense in England. The only English singers who had ever been big in America were Frankie Vaughan, Julie Andrews and Tessie O'Shea - now the Stones? By this time the Stones were into their second wave of big singles: the huge hit "Satisfaction" - a song that grabbed listening youth and quickly became THE anthem of our emotional state.

"Get Off My Cloud" - the Stones' most powerful rendition of mod defiance, "Mother's Little Helper" and "19th Nervous Breakdown" - two gloriously snide ditties of bourgeois problems as seen by the keen, self-assured minds of Jagger and Richard. The Stones supplied for all of us in England as well as a few million three thousand miles away in the U.S., the cutting edge side of the blade made by the Beatles. While John Lennon did his witty, maybe a LITTLE nasty thing about Norwegian Woods, these London lads were relentlessly doing an R&B critique of the world.

We had it all in those days and everybody under thirty felt good about it, just waiting for new singles, albums, anything with the mark of the Stones on it. Marianne Faithfull became a star mainly because she sang the Jagger-Richard penned "As Tears Go By" and she was Mick's girlfriend at the time. Mick's friends and Brian's clothes were headline material in the English press. By 1965, Jagger was hanging out with the likes of Princess Margaret, David Bailey, Nureyev, Warhol - but this didn't take away from the gutsiness of the Stones' music one bit, so none of us minded. A song like "I'm Free" still made the Stones the real outlet for the feelings of the times.

The Stones went on to greater glories of course, but that early period in the mid-sixties remains for me the most exciting time mainly because they brought it all home. Rock and roll went through heavy dilution in the early sixties and I feared for its very survival. After leaving that heaving tent in Richmond and my first Stones experience, I no longer had any doubts. The beat was back. And the Stones are still the best. □

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MY THANG

(As recorded by James Brown)

JAMES BROWN

Fella's, a brand new funk, a brand new
funk
If you wanna get down with a broad,
this is the way you do it
Go on up and rap to her
Put your hand on her lower left arm
And this is what you rap to her
I mean you come on like you should.

Give me, give me my thang
Give me, give me my thang
Give me, give me my thang
Feels so good, let's get it on
Give me, make it stone to the bone
Give me my thang
Give me, give me my thang
Baby, got just what I want
Feels so good
Give me, give me my thang
Baby, just give me some more
Squeeze me, hold me

Hold me, make me scream, feel, yeah
Give me my thang.

Give me I need you baby
I need you now
I don't care what mama don't like
Give it to me any how
Give me, give me my thang
What you got is what I need
What you need is what I got
Oh make me feel, body hot
Give me, give me my thang
Taking off my shirt, 'bout to work me to
death
Give me, give me my thang
What you need is what I got
Keep it up baby, body hot
I wanna be satisfied
Well you can't get it, keep it all inside
So give me, give me my thang
Help the cause.

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IF YOU TALK IN YOUR SLEEP

(As recorded by Elvis Presley)

BOBBY "RED" WEST
JOHNNY CHRISTOPHER

I know you're a lonely woman
And I love you
Someone else is waiting and he owns
you
If he should ever wake up
Be sure your story is straight up
If you talk in your sleep
Don't mention my name
If you walk in your sleep
Forget where you came.

Walking ev'ry night here in the
shadows
So afraid that sometime he may follow
There's always a chance he'll find us
So I don't need to remind you
If you talk in your sleep
Don't mention my name

If you walk in your sleep
Forget where you came.

Love is so much sweeter when it's borrowed
But I'll feel a little easier tomorrow
Don't give our secret away
Be careful what you say
If you talk in your sleep
Don't mention my name
If you walk in your sleep
Forget where you came.

Forget where you came now
Forget where you came
Don't mention my name
Don't mention my name
Forget where you came.

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ANNIE'S SONG

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

You fill up my senses
Like a night in a forest
Like the mountains in springtime
Like a walk in the rain
Like a storm in the desert
Like a sleepy blue ocean
You fill up my senses
Come fill me again.
Come let me love you
Let me give my life to you
Let me drown in your laughter
Let me die in your arms

Let me lay down beside you
Let me always be with you
Come let me love you
Come love me again.
Let me give my love to you
Come let me love you
Come love me again
You fill up my senses
Like a night in a forest
Like the mountains in springtime
Like a walk in the rain
Like a storm in the desert
Like a sleepy blue ocean
You fill up my senses
Come fill me again.

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I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG (I Am)

(As recorded by Brownsville Station)

GARY GLITTER
MIKE LEANDER

(Group)

Come on, come on
Come on, come on
Come on, come on
Come on, come on
Come on, come on
Come on, come on
Come on
(Solo)
I say!
(Group)
Come on.

D' you wanna be in my gang, my gang,
my gang
D'you wanna be in my gang
(Oh yeah)
D'you wanna be in my gang, my gang,
my gang
D'you wanna be in my gang.
I'm the leader, I'm the leader
I'm the leader of the gang I am
I'm the leader, I'm the leader
Well there's no one like the man I am
I can take you high as a kite ev'ry single
night
I can make you jump out of bed stand-
ing on my head.

Who'd ever believe it
(Come on, come on)
Who'd ever believe it
(Come on, come on)
Who'd ever believe it
(Come on, come on)
D'you wanna be in my gang, my gang,
my gang
D'you wanna be in my gang
(Oh yeah).
D'you wanna be in my gang, my gang,
my gang
D'you wanna be in my gang
(Oh yeah).
(Repeat chorus)

I'm the leader, I'm the leader
I'm the leader of the gang I am
I'm the leader, I'm the leader
I'm the leader, I'm the leader
I'm the man who put the bang in gang
I can take you over the hill
Ooh what a thrill
I can make you sell me your soul for rock
and roll.
(Repeat chorus)

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CAT STEVENS

(continued from page 11)

lot of moving while playing and singing his songs, especially considering that he's usually sitting down. And he's moved quite a lot musically in his life, too, starting as a teen-age pop star, dropping out due to a long illness and then coming back with a whole new style and becoming bigger than ever. Now he's ready to move on from there.

"I see a lot of things as the number seven," Cat explained. "Six is like total darkness, like that moment before the dawn. Six is a very unsteady number, negative if you like. And seven, well, in fact, I looked back and I tried to associate the same thing with how many records I did. I first did like six singles, basically. And the seventh was 'Where Are You?,' which was the transition. And the albums — 'Buddha and the Chocolate Box' was my sixth. See, then I was dealing with singles; now I'm dealing with albums."

Cat definitely feels his life has been predestined. "I can only assist my life," he said. "I take no possession over songs and things that I've done, you understand. That's why sometimes I find it difficult to accept 'really' compliments. You know, when someone comes back and says, I really, really, liked that song, I say (and here he whispered), 'Thank you.' You know."

"I can't say thank-you really, though. I don't feel that I made it. Because it's all given to us. And the moment you start believing you're the creator rather than the created, then you lose touch with what is, in fact, the truth."

Despite this feeling of being a humble tool, Cat doesn't participate in any religion formally. "In a way, I meditate. I meditate quite a lot. But I don't sit down and meditate like that. Because that defeats itself to me, if you have to sit down to do it. It's nice to be able to do it anywhere, so I try that. And I don't eat meat. I do eat fish sometimes. And that's it. Apart from that, I take cold showers — which is hard, not easy."

This is what Cat has figured out during his meditations; "To me everything is changing, so there's nothing really to worry about, since we're all gonna be dead — or what one calls dead anyway. I'm not saying that the sun won't rise no more — of course it will — but I'm saying, wow, I'm here, I'm going to certainly find out as much as I can about why or for what reason."

"I'm not just gonna live, eat, breathe, sleep, you know, because that's another kind of existence. And that's good for some people, necessary — for people to farm and for people to have children and, you know, the whole thing. This is the human idea, but then humans are changing, too — rapidly."

So it all comes back to moving and

changing for Cat. And while he shies away from political involvement in his music, he does plan to use it for change in another way. It involves the large sums of money he earns performing. All the profits of his last American tour are earmarked for charity. "Which one?" I asked him.

"We don't know yet," he replied. "We're not going to be caught in that. We're gonna have something that we can actually make sure the money goes to the right place. Because we know what happened in the case of Nicaragua, where only about \$50,000 or so of the money has yet gone to the place, and it was about \$300,000 or something."

When his new album comes out, the all-important seventh album of the current Cat Stevens era, it may herald a new beginning, but it's bound to be full of emotion and melody, the two most important things in music, as far as Cat's concerned. "Emotionally, I might be angry," said Cat. "I might be seeing something terrible on television, like some group or such singing this terrible thing, or else I might be sad, lonely, whatever — anything emotional. And that's how it starts. Then I most probably start playing piano or guitar and humming along. And it induces a kind of hypnotic thing, to keep on singing a melody. Something inevitably comes out."

Whatever comes out, it's sure to be worth waiting for. □

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LOVE TRAIN

(As recorded by Bunny Sigler)

KENNY GAMBLE
LEON HUFF

People all over the world yeah
Join hands, join hands together now
Start a love train, yeah love train.

The next time that we meet oh it will be
England

Oh yes it will, England
Why don't you tell all, tell all the
brothers in Russia oh and China, China
too, tellin' you, China too yeah
Don't you know it's time, time to get on
board
And let this train keep on ridin', ridin'
on through oh.

People all over the world
Join hands
Start a love train, love train.

All of your brothers over in Africa, hey
yeah, Africa

Why don't you tell all, tell all the
brothers in Egypt and Israel too, Israel
too, Israel too

Please don't, don't you miss the train,
don't you miss it at the station
If you miss it yeah I feel sorry, so sorry for
you, you oh.

Oh Lord hey
People all over the world
All over the whole wide world
Join hands, yeah now start a love train,
love train yeah.

People all over the world
Join hands start a love train, love train
People all over the world
Join hands hey yeah yeah yeah
Start a love train, love train
Get together
Get together my brothers
Oh and my sisters.

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SURE AS I'M SITTIN' HERE

(As recorded by Three Dog Night)

JOHN HIATT

You get up, you get down
You get lost and then you get found
Sure as I'm sittin' here
Sure as I'm sittin' here.

You get a laugh, you get a cry
You get 'em all before you die
Sure as I'm sittin' here
Sure as I'm sittin' here.
Come on sit down, get down
Come on sit down, get down
Sure as I'm sittin' here
Sure as I'm sittin' here.

All the ladies hypnotize you
And all your friends, well, they just pat-
ronize you
Don't gotta look for God, cause he's just
sittin' here
And I think he's got a plan
But it's not so clear

You get the truth, you get a lie
'Nuff to make a grown man cry
Sure as I'm sittin' here
Sure as I'm sittin' here.
You get the truth, you get a lie
'Nuff to make a grown man cry
Sure as I'm sittin' here
Sure as I'm sittin' here.
You get the light, you get the dark
Fall in love and it breaks your heart
Sure as I'm sittin' here
Sure as I'm sittin' here.

Now you might think it's confusing
With all you get, well, look what all
you're losing
But it's just life and it just goes on
So quit with your complaining
Soon enough you will be gone.

Ummm, umm, ummm, ummm.

Sure as I'm sittin' here
Sure as I'm sittin' here.

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Inc.

ROCK N' ROLL HEAVEN

(As recorded by Righteous Bros.)

ALAN O'DAY
JOHNNY STEVENSON

If you believe in forever
Then life is just a one night stand
If there's a rock n' roll heaven
Well you know they got a hell of a band,
band, band.

Jimi gave us rainbows
Janice took a piece of our hearts
And Otis brought us all to the dock of
the bay
Sing a song to light my fire
Remember Jim that way

They've only found another place
Another place to play.
Peggy Sue and Donna, our sweethearts
from the past
They crystalized our lives on the radio
The ones who loved them first of all
have left before their time
But they'll all be back together when
we meet in one big show.
There's a spotlight waiting no matter
who you are
'Cause ev'rybody's got a song to sing
and ev'ryone's a star.

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ON AND ON

(As recorded by Gladys Knight & The
Pips)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Bet your life I'll be a better woman you
see

All because you proved out to be a
better man for me
You build me up with so much affection
You make me realize my needs
You seem to move in the right direction
Making love, making love all we please
ooo

Here we go on and on
Here we go on and on, on and on
You got to go keep on movin' on and on
How can I, how can I show you
How I wanna now prove all my love
But I'm so afraid to take a part
Don't break my heart the way so many
lovers do
So good I feel cause our love's for real

Having chores of fun since our love's
begun
Huggin' and a lovin' on and on
Getting with the kissin' on and on
Chills I feel whenever you're near
Stickin' like glue I keep lovin' you on
and on
Keep on moving on and on
We gotta go keep on movin' keep on
groovin'

On and on, on and on, hey hey hey
On and on we gotta go
How can I work out this sweet relation
Let us live with love
Keepin' our hearts together with no
temptation
Keepin' us a loving, keepin' us loving on
and on, on and on
On and on, on and on, on and on
We gotta go on and on

Keep on a moving on and on
On and on, on and on, on and on
We gotta go on and on
I wanna know
I know you feel like I feel
That's why we got a love that's real
So let's keep on grooving the way we do
Let's just keep on a moving and we're
gonna make it through

Huggin and lovin', gettin' with the kis-
sing
Gettin' with the kissing', huggin' and a
lovin'
Chills I feel whenever you're near
Stickin' like glue I keep loving you.

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ing Co., Inc.

THE BEST TIME OF MY LIFE

(As recorded by Joe Simon)

K. STERLING
JOE SIMON
ASENETH PEEK

One, two, three, four
I look in the mirror hanging on the wall
A smile on my face really tells it all
When I see that smile coming back to me

I know I'm as happy as a man can be
Happiness is all I'm thinking of and I'll
let nothing separate me from your
sweet love

I'm having the best time of my life baby
I'm having the best time of my life.

I feel good, I feel so fine
I'm proud of your love and glad you're
mine, all mine
I ain't never, never, never had such a
good time
Like I'm having with you baby.

Just like candy girl you're sweet as can
be

Sugar and honey that's what you are to
me

Happiness is being in love with you
And happiness is knowing that you love
me too

After loving you there is no one else
Baby please let me express myself
I'm having the best time of my life baby
Since I met you baby I'm having the best
time of my life

Baby you're wonderful, you're so
wonderful.

And I'm having the best time of my life
Since I met you baby

I'm having the best time of my life listen
to me honey

You see you've got the kind of love that
makes me weak

I need it baby

Seven days a week

I ain't never had such a good time

Like I'm having with you baby.

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Belinda Music.

KING OF NOTHING

(As recorded by Seals & Crafts)

JIMMY SEALS

When I was seventeen I dreamed of be-
ing king and having everything I
wanted

But that was long ago and my dreams
did not unfold

So I'm still the king of nothing

If I could rule I'd dance my cares away
Find romance every day

I wouldn't have to listen to this poor fool
say

I'm the king

I'm the king

I'm the king of nothing.

When I was seventeen I dreamed I gave
a ring to a pretty queen and then I held
her

But that was slumber's fault for I have
no love at all

And I'm still the king of nothing.

(Repeat chorus)

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TRAIN OF THOUGHT

(As recorded by Cher)

ALAN O'DAY

Well you're talkin' in your sleep
And the name that you whisper isn't
mine

And I finally face the fact that you're
cheatin' on me one more time

Then my anger starts to rumble
And my steam starts to rise
And the wheels keep turning faster
As I think of all your lies.

Oh my train of thoughts runnin' right on
time

But it's off the track and I'm losin' my
mind

Cause the way you use me's gonna
drive me insane

For God's sake stop the train.

Oh the camel's back is broken
By the one extra straw addec. on
And a woman can't see reason when
her last ray of sunshine is gone

There's a finger on a trigger

And that locomotive sound

Then I think how much I love you

And I turn the gun around.

Oh my train of thoughts runnin' right on
time

But it's off the track and I'm losin' my
mind

Honey don't feel bad about me

I just had to stop the train.

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WORKIN' AT THE CAR WASH BLUES

(As recorded by Jim Croce)

JIM CROCE

Well, I had just got out from the county
prison

Doin' ninety days for non-support
Tried to find me an executive position
But no matter how smooth I talked
They wouldn't listen to the fact that I
was a genius

The man say, "We got all that we can
use."

Now I got them steadily depressin', low
down mind messin'
Workin' at the car wash blues.

Well, I should be sittin' in an air con-
ditioned office in a swivel chair
Talkin' some trash to the secretaries
Sayin', "Here, now, mam-ma, come on
over here."

Instead, I'm stuck here rubbin' these
fenders with a rag

And walkin' home in soggy old shoes
With them steadily depressin', low

down mind messin'
Workin' at the car wash blues.

You know a man of my ability
He should be smokin' on a big cigar
But til I get myself straight I guess I'll
just have to wait

In my rubber suit a-rubbin' these cars.

Well, all I can do is a shake my head
You might not believe that it's true
For workin' at this end of Niagara Falls
Is an undiscovered Howard Hughes
So baby, don't expect to see me
With no double martini in any high-
brow society news

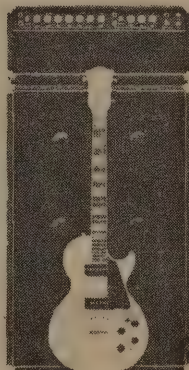
'Cause I got them steadily depressin',
low down mind messin'
Workin' at the car wash blues
Yeah, I got them steadily depressin',
low down mind messin'
Workin' at the car wash blues.

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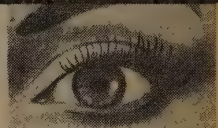
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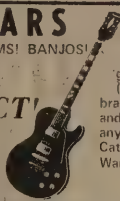
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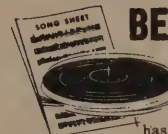
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HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR THE PAIN

(As recorded by Carly Simon)

CARLY SIMON
JACOB BRACKMAN

All those crazy nights when I cried
myself to sleep
Now melodrama never makes me weep
any more
'Cause I haven't got the time for the
pain
I haven't got room for the pain
I haven't the need for the pain
Not since I've known you.

You showed me how, how to leave
myself behind
How to turn down the noise in my mind
Now I haven't got time for the pain
I haven't the need for the pain
Not since I've known you.

Haven't got time for the pain
I haven't got room for the pain
I haven't the need for the pain
Not since I've known you.

Suffering was the only thing made me
feel I was alive
Thought that's just how much it cost to
survive in this world
'Til you showed me how, how to fill my
heart with love
How to open up and drink in all that
white light pouring down from the
heaven
I haven't got time for the pain
I haven't got room for the pain
I haven't the need for the pain
Not since I've known you.

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RIKKI DON'T LOSE THAT NUMBER

(As recorded by Steely Dan)

WALTER BECKER
DONALD FAGEN

We hear you're leaving that's o.k.
I thought our little wild time had just
begun
I guess you kind of scared yourself
You turn and run
But if you have a change of heart.

Rikki don't lose that number
You don't wanna call nobody else
Send it off in a letter to yourself
Rikki don't lose that number
It's the only one you own
You might use it if you feel better
When you get home.

I have a friend in town he's heard your
name
We can go out drivin' on Slow Hand
Row
We could stay inside and play games
I don't know
And you could have a change of heart.
(Repeat chorus)

You tell yourself you're not my kind
But you don't even know your mind
And you could have a change of heart
Rikki don't lose that number
You don't wanna call nobody else
Send it off in a letter to yourself
Rikki don't lose that number
It's the only one you own
You might use it if you feel better
When you get home
Rikki don't lose that number
(Rikki don't lose that number)
Rikki don't lose that number.

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SIDE SHOW

(As recorded by Blue Magic)

BOBBY ELI
VINNIE BARRETT

Step right up hurry, hurry before the
show begins my friend
Stand in line get your tickets
I hope you will attend
It'll only cost you 50¢ to see what life
has done to folks like you and me
See the man with the broken heart
You'll see that he is sad, he hurts so bad
See the girl who has lost the only love
she had
There's got to be no sadder show to see
No doubt about it satisfaction
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So let the sideshow begin
Hurry hurry step right on in
I can't afford to pass it up
Guaranteed to make you cry
Let the sideshow begin
Hurry hurry step right on in
I can't afford to pass it up
Guaranteed to make you cry.

See the man who's been crying for a
million years
So many tears
See the girl who's collected broken
hearts for a souvenir
It's more exciting than a one-man band
The saddest little show in all the land.

So let the sideshow begin
Hurry hurry step right on in
I can't afford to pass it up
Guaranteed to make you cry.

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Music, Poo Poo Music and Six Strings
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ALREADY GONE

(As recorded by Eagles)

JACK TEMPCHIN
ROBB STANDLUND

Well I heard some people talkin' just the
other day
And they said you were gonna put me
on a shelf
But let me tell you I got some news for
you
And you'll soon find out it's true

And then you'll have to eat your lunch
all by yourself.

'Cause I'm already gone
And I'm feeling strong
I will sing this victory song
Woo hoo hoo
Woo hoo hoo.

The letter that you wrote me made me
stop and wonder why
But I guess you felt like you had to set
things right
Just remember this my girl when you
look up in the sky

You can see the stars and still not see
the light.

And I know it wasn't you who held me
down
Heaven knows it wasn't you who set me
free
So often times it happens that we live
our lives in chains
And we never even know we have the
key.

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JOHNNY WINTER

(continued from page 39)

ever since, but in the last year or so it

has simmered down to a more stable thing.

After a decade of struggle to be a star — Johnny Winter had some trouble adjusting to success. "We

toured non-stop for two years and it got to be horribly boring. You never were in a town long enough to get to know anybody and people who I used to know started relating to me



Richard Creamer

differently because they thought I was a star. Life became one constant interview, and I felt cut off from everybody. Now I do civilized tours of four or five weeks — I'd never go back to those long one night tours again — I'd go back to clubs first."

Johnny's drug problem has been widely publicized. "I had taken acid with our early bands. I was afraid of it at first, but I noticed twelve year old fans taking it all the time and seeming pretty cool. I took a lot of acid for a year or so, but then my hair started falling out and I was always forgetting words to songs so I stopped it. Some people I knew were into smack and seemed pretty creative. I'd never known any stereotyped junkies like you see on television.

"It was another experiment and as the gigs got harder — as we got tired of playing the same songs we took more and more and everybody except Rick Derringer was in pretty bad shape, so we took some time off." As you probably know, Johnny checked himself into a hospital for about a year and then returned — "Alive And Well", his most successful studio album ever — followed recently by "Saints And Sinners."

Johnny now lives in the country in upstate New York and still has enormous drive and love of rock stardom, but gets upset when local kids come around to his house and invade his privacy. Johnny Winter has a lifetime contract with stardom now; his very being draws a crowd whether his is non-stop talking, sitting silently or on stage playing. His concerts still fill 20,000 seats in most major cities, and his shows have gotten back to excellence, after a period when they were not so great.

Johnny Winter is the real Johnny B. Goode — the boy who can play the guitar with so much excitement that he is always fun to watch. You will never hear strings or horns on a Johnny Winter album - he is pure rock and roll and blues man - although he likes singing ballads and could probably do some nice country songs if he weren't afraid of losing part of his audience.

Johnny is one of the few rock stars who is just as exciting to meet one to one as he is on stage before thousands. He could be a great movie character actor or TV talk show guest if he ever wanted to. Whether he will choose to grow beyond rock stardom or happily stay with it is up to him. Johnny is a science fiction fan who likes to say there's more ahead than behind. We're all waiting. But just as he is he's one of the true greats. □



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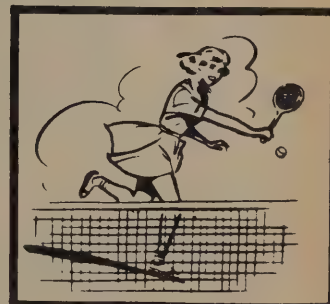
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and put out with little fuss or attention) - are amazing. Roxy Music is making rock and roll music unlike any other around today.

Unfortunately, it took awhile for them to get the proper respect and support in this country. The first time they toured here they were thrown on bills with incompatible acts like Jethro Tull, - no one knew who they were and they were miserable. "They tried to tour us as sort of just another rock group," said Bryan, remembering, "which we never have been. And we felt out of place on the gigs we did, the audience felt out of place as well ... it just didn't add up to anything. This time it's been really different. People seem to know who we are, we got those amazing receptions at the concerts in Detroit, Cleveland, and so forth - and I'm much more keen on the idea of America."

"We also had a chance this time to bring our regular show over here. It was the same as the English show that we do - we had our own lights, and played about an hour and ten minutes and that made it better, I think. With every album our show changes because it means a new repertoire with highlights of other albums as well. I haven't been doing any of mine yet, my solo numbers that is ... I don't know if I will while I'm performing with Roxy..." he said wistfully.

Indeed, Bryan seems to be more emotionally committed to his solo career. "There are thousands of songs I would like to do and it's quite difficult when you

go into the studio to record - lots of very good songs get thrown out at the last minute. I like pictorial images, that's why I chose "Hard Rain", also I like emotional songs. I'm a very emotional person, really," he laughs, and you can't be sure that he means it at all.

Roxy has a relatively young audience in England for such sophisticated music. Especially with the current singles scene so strong in Britain, it is more to their credit that they have picked up on Roxy Music when they go to the record stores to buy Slade and Suzi and that goodtime music. "Well, there are really lots of different kinds of young people," commented Bryan. "Some of those kids will buy our records as well as Slade, Sweet, whatever. A lot of them don't understand it at all though, and think we're too weird. But I do get a lot of letters from kids who tell me that they love us and they consider themselves an elite group. I also get letters from a lot of older, married women," he added, with a grin.

But really, Roxy isn't all *that* strange. "I have a lot of things in my head that we haven't done yet," Bryan said, "I really don't think weirdness has to do with making funny noises or anything like that. I think that everything we've done up to this point has been fairly straight - at least in my mind. The music has become more accessible with the later albums, more professional. But it really hasn't changed in concept. The songs are constructed

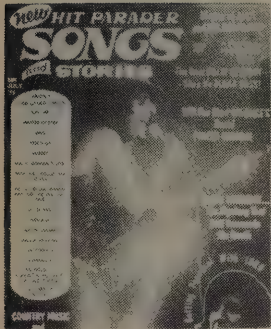
better and everyone plays their instruments better than before. The lyrics are clearer and we've worked on them more. Everyone plays better, the production is good - that's really what's changed."

Bryan is encouraged about his music and his career; getting through to America was obviously important to him. But then again, "You know in Europe and England we've been sort of elevated to star status now," he said, "and you just don't feel that you want to go through all that again. Lots of British acts come here and say they don't mind starting all over again at the beginning, but I think it's dreadful, really to have to do it. This time around has been nice however, because everyone has seemed to be interested in getting to know me and exactly what we're doing. I wouldn't even mind living here, actually. I haven't really got anything to keep me in England ..." he said sadly, and then laughed.

Bryan Ferry is one of those *stars*. There's no way to compare him to anyone because there hasn't been anyone like him at all in rock and roll. He may be the first rock personality since Jagger to transcend the music thing and do anything he wants, in any field he wants to. It doesn't seem likely that he'll wind up when he's 35 with nowhere to go because he would fit as easily in a theater or on a movie screen as he does on a rock and roll stage. His future is going to be one to watch. □ Lisa Robinson

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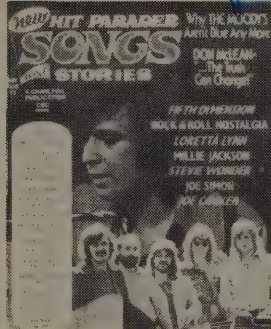
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JULY 73

Blood, Sweat & Tears
Alice Cooper
Lobo
Gary Glitter

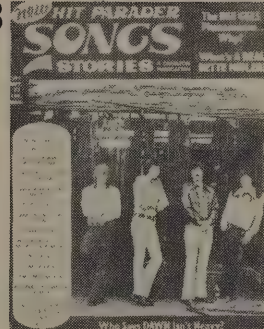
"Stir It Up"
"Aubrey"
"Tie A Yellow Ribbon
Round The Ole Oak
Tree"
"I'm Just A Singer"
"Magic Woman Touch"



AUG. 73

Moody Blues
Joe Cocker
Don McLean
Stevie Wonder
Fifth Dimension

"Danny's Song"
"Hallelujah Day"
"The Night The Lights
Went Out In Georgia"
"Reelin' In The Years"
"Stuck In The Middle
With You"



SEPT. 73

Bread
Down
Bee Gees
Bette Midler
Chuck Berry

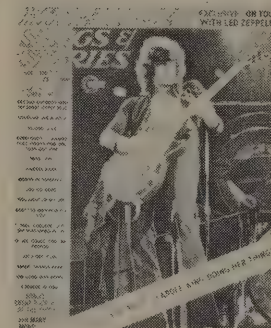
"Back When My Hair Was
Short"
"Bad, Bad Leroy Brown"
"I'm Doin' Fine Now"
"My Love"
"Right Place, Wrong Time"



NOV. 73

Grand Funk Railroad
Pink Floyd
Raspberries
Helen Reddy
Cory Wells

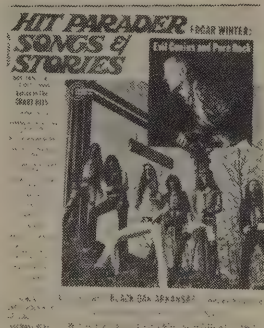
"Delta Dawn"
"Get Down"
"Give Me Love"
"Kodachrome"
"Yesterday Once More"



DEC. 73

Three Dog Night
Led Zeppelin
Wishbone Ash
Carole King
Trapeze

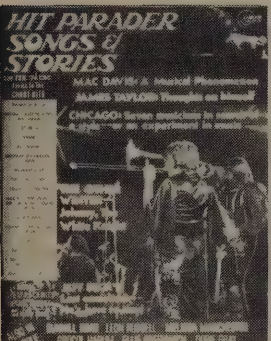
"Drift Away"
"Here I am"
"Let's Get It On"
"We're An American
Band"
"Love Me Like A Rock"
"Say, Has Anybody Seen
My Sweet Gypsy Rose"



JAN. 74

Black Oak Arkansas
Doobie Brothers
Seals & Crofts
Edgar Winter
Sly Stone

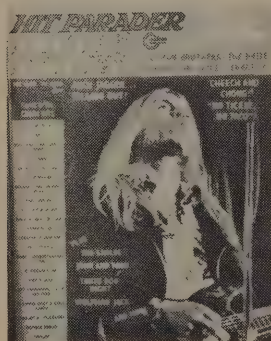
"China Grove"
"Half Breed"
"Get It Together"
"Higher Ground"
"I've Got So Much
To Give"
"Billion Dollar Babies"



FEB. 74

Johnny Winter
Chicago
Jeff Beck
Jethro Tull
Leon Russell

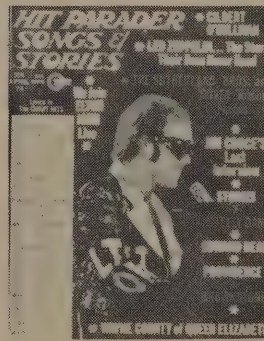
"Angie"
"All I Know"
"I Got A Name"
"Let Me In"
"Saturday Night's Alright
For Fighting"
"Such A Night"



MAR. 74

Allman Brothers
Jim Croce
Three Dog Night
Mick Jagger
Rod Stewart

"Goodbye Yellow
Brick Road"
"Hello It's Me"
"Photograph"
"We May Never Pass
This Way Again"
"Knockin' On Heaven's
Door"
"Top Of The World"



APRIL 74

Jim Croce
Led Zeppelin
Elton John
Alvin Lee
Stories

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- ☐ Mar., 1974
- ☐ Apr., 1974



Lee Black Childers

the tour. It's worth it.

More cities clicked by: Atlanta (my most vivid memory is that the Baptist Book Store and the Ashley Art Cinema (dirty movies) are next door to each other); Charleston, South Carolina; and then, Detroit.

Detroit is a rock and roll town, as if you didn't know. We had one of our two days off there, so I spent the night carousing around the local bars — there are millions of them. The next morning I arose to a beautiful sunny day (rare in Detroit if my memory serves me), so I opened the window. Lo and behold, there was the sound of Smokey Robinson singing "You Gotta Shop Around" blasting over the whole city. Come on, Motown, this is carrying it all a little far. It turned out to be the opening of an ice cream parlor on the corner that had set up a loud juke box and free ice cream in the street. We spent the morning munching orange ice cream and dancing to 50's rock. It was a great break.

The concert that night was followed by a fabulous party given by the promoter in a ballroom as opposed to one of our bedrooms. As things got more and more rowdy, at the instigation of Barry Kramer, *Creem* magazine publisher, a

brave young man streaked. Streaking is a mid-west fad. I only wish it would spread to New York — we could use it. After the party, I followed the guests out onto the street taking pictures of them as they tried to find and operate their cars. After wandering a block or so from the hotel, the doorman came and retrieved me explaining that Detroit was no city to wander around in with a camera at four in the morning. I let him escort me home. Thanks, Detroit, I got some great pix.

The tour ground on. Toledo. South Bend. Columbus. I don't mean to ignore these cities, but I'm sure you can see that touring makes cities more or less blend together. Each city had its share of fans who came round to the hotel after. This usually led to a great party (especially South Bend), but then you can't tell everything.

I think I should say a word here on the whole S-M scene that is so blatantly displayed on stage during a Mott show. Someone who is looking for it can spot many S-M images during the course of the show, and even the totally unsuspecting can't miss the finale where Ian slaps Ariel around and both of them love it. Anyway, once off-stage I have never

dealt with a gentler group. Never a temperamental fit, never a cross word. They are so kind and understanding with each other and the people who work for them, it is uncanny. Maybe they let all their frustrations loose on stage, and then again, maybe that's how sadists act in public. I don't know.

Canada came and went. Toronto and London, Ontario, were the only dates there. They went well as tensions built to the breaking point. The Holiday Inn in London was not as lucky as the Parker House in Boston. That night a lot of lamps bit the dust.

The hotel in Milwaukee comes to mind as the worst hit in this malady common to most rock groups (indeed to any group away from home — ever had the Jaycees in your town?). It was the Hotel Pfister, the oldest and grandest of Milwaukee's hotels, which means that it was close to falling apart anyway and needed a face lift. The promoter had a huge party in their ballroom the night of the show complete with live rock bands and gambling tables. (Guess what, when the gambling chips are free, it's no fun gambling.) The revelry went on far past my bedtime (cleaners in the morning).



Lee Black Childers

So when I arose at seven and staggered out into the halls with my bag of soiled costumes, my half-opened eyes were confronted with several prostrate snow white bodies. It seems that some of the party-goers had chosen to sleep in the hallway and, after retiring, someone else had come along and pulverized the ceiling over them, leaving them with a thin covering of plaster. When I returned from the cleaners, they were gone and so was the plaster. The maids had arrived.

Chicago. Cleveland. Pittsburgh. I can't begin to tell you how exhausting touring is for everyone. To tell you Ian Hunter passed out on stage at the end of the Cleveland concert won't do it. That's nothing new anymore. People are used to it. But it's real. When was the last time you worked so hard you passed out?

Then, in Pittsburgh, the impossible happened. I found a shoe repairman who would take Overend's boot. In fact, he was the exact opposite of the other ones. When I pulled it out of my bag he showed little reaction at all and calmly said he could have it finished in time for the show. When I delivered the repaired boot to Overend, I told him how strange it was that the repairman hardly even reacted to

Then came Philadelphia, and then the bizarre footwear. Buffin, who was standing nearby, remarked, "Hmm, he must have a whorehouse on his block." Richmond, Virginia, the last city. We had done four shows in two nights in Philadelphia and the costumes had finally begun to disintegrate. I spent all my time sewing the seams back together just so they could be worn again and split again. Various curious people were forever approaching with wide eyes: "Oh, do you sew?" I was sewing, there was no use denying it. So I'd put on my best Betsy Ross smile and reply, "Why, yes, don't you?"

Richmond was the last date and was treated accordingly. The band went crazy. The smoke machines went bananas, nearly killing us all. The costumes gave a last sigh and fell to pieces. Ian and Ariel smashed their guitars. (Ian presented me with the largest fragment which now hangs proudly on my wall.) And the crowd went crazy. (We were back in the South.) When it finally ended we adjourned to the hotel for the LAST party. Surprisingly, it was pretty civilized. (Unlike the famous Memphis party which concluded a previous Mott

tour and eventually mothered the classic, "All The Way From Memphis".)

Everything had been spent on the stage, which left the party as merely a chance to chat with fans until you grew sleepy enough to go to bed.

The next day, everyone left at different times — kind of blue, subdued, to their various destinations. New York, London, Bermuda. Our little caravan, as mad and embarrassing as it sometimes proved to be, was missed.

So that's it. Three weeks with Mott. I don't know if this is a true representation of every rock group, but it's pretty close to any tour I've ever been on. I've left out a lot — you can't include everything. This was only a few cities. This time around I didn't visit the famous hotel in Seattle that's built out over the bay so you can fish right out your window (or do anything else out your window if you're a rock group) or the infamous Continental Hyatt House in Los Angeles where it is rumored that the "suites" are going to be named after the rock stars who have stayed in them — but, those are other stories. Maybe I'll write about my next tour. Oh yes, I'd do it again. □

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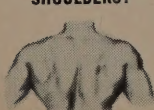
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